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Farm, Garden and Household.

Seasonable Hints.

The fall months offer seasonable opportunity for making permanent improvements on the farms. Much of this work of ditching, reclaiming wet lands, the repairing and making of stone walls, the general repairing of premises in places where needed, can be profitably done between the periods of harvest and frost, as the weather is apt to be pleasant, the days long and labor cheap. In ordinary farm improvement the first question must be whether it will pay to do the operation proposed, either in money value, or in the gain to the pleasure or health of the family. If this be answered in the affirmative, then let it be considered that the work should be sufficiently thoroughly done, and on the right system. Well-planned work is half accomplished when the disposition to go ahead is present. In the colder climates much of the work on land of a permanent character must be done with reference to the frost. All pipes under ground, either for water supply or for drainage, must be sunk deep enough to be out of the area which becomes frozen. Stone walls should have their foundations laid deeply and firmly. Peels in a pasture which are liable to be trodden into mud by the cattle should be deepened and sufficiently paved, and if supplied through underground pipes, these should be protected at the outlet. It is often the case that a deep drain near the house will remove the stagnant water of the soil, and add to the comfort and health of the family, while a stone or tile drain passed under the road will add to the convenience and attractiveness of the roadway in spring and periods of wet. In this connection it is well to consider the matter of ventilation of the cellars, which are too frequently damp and confined. Then the cesspool and the house drainage should be put into thorough order for the fall use, so that when the ground is impossible there may be no accumulation of filth to pollute the air of the house. Sewer gases at a period when full ventilation is always too rarely practised, oftentimes in shut out in the barn, and facing the south will be found a profitable adjunct to the stock of farmer's winter resources, at any rate a tight shed where on the north and east sides, at a cheap cost, will be found of great value. It is also a good idea to haul from the drainage from the foul sinks, by means of gutters, so it shall not drain into the yard and accumulate in places where at all means should be kept dry, for water surface about the buildings has been responsible for many accidents through slipping, which may be the cause of strains, fractures or bodily pain. While time and material spent in shingling or patching will often be found to save much discomfort, and to pay in every sense of the word. Tools require to be kept in a dry place, and it is best to provide a corner for their reception, and where they can be readily accessible if repairs are needful to be postponed till the dull winter season affords the leisure. It may seem a small matter, but it is always desirable for the buildings and everything about the farm to be cleaned up, so as to enter the winter season under clean auspices.

Look sharp after sales; an important item! Calculate the shrinkage and waste in keeping stock, and decide whether the prospect of increased price exceeds by more than the risk, the present price. It is usually the wisest course to sell when offered the price is remunerative, and not attempt speculative holding. Early sales to good paying or cash customers are generally better than sales on credit to a class of doubtful credit, at a high price. It is only those who have nothing to lose that are usually so reckless as to pay more than the market value of a product. [Scientific Farmer.

Ice For Farmers.

We take the following valuable suggestions from an exchange. They are so sensible and easy to follow that we hope many a farmer will benefit by them and provide himself beforehand fully with this luxury for the future:

"After harvest, when there is leisure, make an artificial pond—a large, deep pond, in which fish can be kept, and pure ice obtained for the icehouse in winter. One or more such ponds should be made in every farm. There are but few farms that will not admit of just such ponds. They should be surrounded by a fence so as to keep the cattle out, admitting them to the water at but one place. Those who have the interest of their stock in view will see that they are provided at this season with an abundance of clear, pure, cold water." The writer was once conversing with a well to do farmer on the subject of ice, telling him how easy it was to have a supply that would render the hot season much more endurable. "It is easy for you," he replied, "for you have a large stream of water convenient, but I have nothing within four miles larger than the little run down yonder," pointing to a small brook that ran from one corner of his place to the other. "That is sufficient," we answered, and pointed out to him three or four places where he could dig out small ponds without encroaching on his land one particle. He went right to work with plow and scraper and in two days had two nice ponds made, which not only furnish plenty of ice for winter, but bathing places and "fishing holes" for the boys and good watering places for stock during the summer. This was more than ten years ago, and the ponds still do duty, with an occasional dredging which they get during the driest season. There are many things to do after harvest, when there is leisure, and the agricultural papers are prone to parade these "odd jobs" before their readers until that "leisure" time seems to be the busiest of the year. We promise, however, not to urge many duties upon our readers if they will attend to this. To those who have tried it ice is not a simple luxury to be dispensed with as well as not, but has become a necessity, and they would about as soon think of doing without the year's supply of potatoes, or fruit or fuel, as to dispense with the ice. One of our readers requests a plan for a cheap ice house large enough to supply an ordinary family during the year. A pile of ice eight feet square and the same height is enough for family use. For such a pile build the house ten feet square and the same height, as there must be a foot of sawdust all around the ice—sides, bottom and top. The house can be made on the simplest plan possible—two frames of four-inch stuff for bottom and top, nailing the boards on these uprights. Only a single wall is needed. Lay a loose floor in the bottom so that the water can pass through to the ground freely. First put a foot of sawdust on the floor, taking care to level it well, with a slight inclination to the centre so that the ice will press together. Then build the ice pile on this, one foot from the wall all around, packing in sawdust between the ice and the wall as the pile rises. When the pile of ice is eight feet high—nine with the sawdust in the bottom—put a foot of sawdust on top and cover with any kind of a board roof that will keep out the rain, leaving the ends open for ventilation. Provide some way to carry off the water that drains through the sawdust and floor, if this is not naturally provided for. This is all that is needed to keep ice. Of course, the house can be made as ornamental and costly as desirable, but it will not keep the ice any better than the rudest structure built as we have described, the cost of which will be trifling.

As dampness is most injurious to poultry, the house and yards should be thoroughly drained. The best floor is a layer of broken stones, over which is placed two inches of clay, well pressed down, and the whole covered with fine sand, or with the fine part of well sifted ashes. The floor should be carefully cleaned every day, and the manure removed two or three times a week.

Jersey Cider.

Cider properly made, at the right season of the year and from the right sort of apples, will, when tightly bunged in good barrels or casks, change but little, and that very gradually; when bottled there is no change except a certain improvement which comes with age. When a prime article is desired for keeping during the entire year or longer, the first step then is to produce a good article. October and November, according to climate, or when the light autumn frosts have begun and the fruit is in all its ruddy perfection of ripeness, is the time to make cider. A good cider apple is rather stringent in its properties of flesh and juice. The celebrated Newark (N. J.) cider, which always commands a high price on account of its superior excellence, and is often sold under the name of champagne cider, is made from apples the juice of which contains the largest percentage of alcohol, as the Hessian, Canfield and the Virginia crab. The strongest cider, furthermore, comes as a rule from apples which contain the least amount of juice. The apples are sweated and permitted to dry somewhat before they are ground, the quality and strength of the cider being improved in consequence of the apples having parted during this process with 6 or 8 per cent. of water. The apples cleared of leaves, shrivelled windfalls and rotten fruit are crushed or ground according to the old or new process employed; the former is preferable, as pomace which has been finely ground is liable to yield cloudy or muddy liquor. The pulp is generally laid aside for at least twenty-four hours, and turned occasionally to allow fermentation to set in before the juice is expressed. By this means the aromatic oil contained in the seeds is extracted, communicating its flavor to the mass, and a richer, fuller flavored beverage is the result.

The color of the juice is changed by the management of the pulp. Different kinds of apples give different flavors, but from any kind two distinct varieties of cider may be made, the one by expressing the juice before any change of color occurs from the exposure of the pulp to the atmosphere, and the other after this exposure. In champagne cider, therefore, the juice, in order that it may be light colored, is pressed from the pomace as soon as ground. The cask in which the juice is put should be clean and sweet. If new ones are employed, those made of strong oak staves are recommended. If second-hand ones are used, whiskey or other spirit casks are best, provided they are cleaned of must and all impurities. If not they should be thorough cleansed with lime or wood ashes and water. In addition to this, thoroughly fumigate with matches or roll brimstone dropped into the bung, afterwards rinsing with hot water and draining dry. The barrels filled, they should be placed with bungs up on blocks or skids where the temperature will not fall below 60 degrees nor increase above 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

Insect Enemies.

The canker worm, the tent caterpillar, the currant worm—in fact, all insects of this class, have their deadly enemies in the shape of ichneumon flies, which deposit their eggs in the backs of their victims. The embryo flies avoid the vital parts of the worm which feeds voraciously, as if it were not bearing within itself living enemies, and in due time arrives at full size. Perhaps it forms its chrysalis; but no moth or butterfly ever emerges; instead, several ichneumons are hatched out to hunt in their turn new victims. When you see a little fly about a third of an inch in length stepping and flying about over the leaves of your shrubs, singularly alert and brisk—a little fellow with transparent wings and a body resplendent with the brightest green and gold, don't harm him. This is one of your friends, one of the great variety of ichneumons.

In the summer, over every pond, you see poised in the air or swiftly darting, the dragon flies, alias "devil's darning-needles." According to popular belief, this poetically diabolical name is not the only formidable thing about this creature. If we can believe all the stories told, he is little less to be dreaded than the scorpion or the centipede. In his tail he is said to carry a terrible sting, or "stinger," a more dreadful name by far. The connection between this creature and the darning of stockings and the devil is not clearly to be seen, unless we put it on the ground that his Satanic majesty prefers to have nothing holy if he can help it. Be this as it may, a more harmless insect does not exist. It carries nothing more dangerous than a pair of strong jaws with which it seizes its prey—insects. Mosquitoes are to it as oysters are to an alderman. The name it bears in the Gulf State, "mosquito-hawk," gives a clew to its pursuits.

The Corn Premium of $100.

Frank W. Miller, editor of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Weekly, last spring offered a premium of $100 in gold to any person in New England who shall raise one hundred bushels of corn (dry weight) on one acre of land, or to the one who raised the largest amount above one hundred bushels. Twenty-six entries have been made for the premium, twelve of which are from New Hampshire, ten from Maine, three from Massachusetts and one from Rhode Island. The committee appointed to examine the crops and make the awards has organized, choosing Hon. John D. Lyman chairman, and C. H. Hayes secretary, and have issued instructions to competitors as to the rules to be observed in making the awards. Each competitor is required to contribute and donate to the corn show, to be held at the time of the committee's award, a trace of not less than fifty ears of the corn entered for the premium. We shall await the announcement of the committee's decision with much interest. If Maine wins the prize it will be an honor worth striving for. [Lewiston Journal.

A Leak on Many Farms.

One leak on nearly every farm may be found in the neglect of the agricultural implements. In travelling over the country, it is no unusual sight to see ploughs, harrows, wagons, sleds, reapers, and mowers, etc., piled in the fence corners, in the fields, lanes, barnyards and public highways. Whenever you see things piled around in this way, you can set it down that there is at least one leak on that farm. An excuse might be found for some farmers of limited means, that they are not able to build shelters for their implements; but we find the same leak on farms where they count their acres by the hundred, and their dollars by the thousand. And of course the larger the farm, the greater the leak. We believe a careful estimate of the annual shrinkage thus incurred by some farmers would astonish them, and show why farming does not pay. [American Rural Homes.

The good man slammeth the gate and bangeth the door and maketh a noise, for his heart is without guile and he feareth not the grievous words of his wife; but the naughty man shutteth the gate softly, and stealeth up-stairs in his stocking feet, and stumbleth over the rocking-chair, and the last condition of that man is worse than the first.

A little 9-months-old babe of Mr. Frank Smith, of Silver Ridge, fell into a tub of water Sept. 20th, while its mother was upstairs a moment attending to some of the other children, sick with the diphtheria. The child's heart beat strong when taken from the tub, but it did not revive.

The Dead Babe.

A lily broken by the rain,
Before a single earthly stain
Has on its velvet whiteness lain:

A snowy bird that, close caressed
By the soft, brooding mother breast,
Dares yet forsake the sheltering rest,

And straight, before its silver wings
Have ever stooped to baser things,
Flies up to Heaven, and flying sings

These and all other pure and mild
And lovely objects undefiled,
Are types of what thou wert, our child!

The Parson's Horse Race.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for October.]

"Wal! now this 'ere does beat all! I wouldn't 'a' thought it of the deacon."

So spoke Sam Lawson, drooping in a discouraged, contemplative attitude in front of an equally discouraged-looking horse, that had just been brought to him by the widow Simpkins for medical treatment. Among Sam's many accomplishments he was reckoned in the neighborhood an oracle in all matters of this kind, especially by women, whose helplessness in meeting such emergencies found untailing solace under his compassionate willingness to attend to any business that did not strictly belong to him, and from which no pecuniary reward was to be expected. The widow Simpkins had bought this horse of Deacon Atkins, apparently a fairly well-appointed brute, and capable as he was good-looking. A short, easy drive when the deacon held the reins had shown off his points to advantage, and the widow's small stock of ready savings had come forth freely in payment for what she thought was a bargain. When, soon after coming into possession, she discovered that her horse, if driven with any haste, panted in a fearful manner, and that he appeared to be growing lame, she waxed wroth, and went to the deacon in anger, to be met with only the smooth reminder that the animal was all right when she took him,—that she had seen him tried herself. The widow was of a nature somewhat spicy, and expressed herself warmly: "It's a cheat and a shame, and I'll take the law on ye."

"What law will you take?" said the unmoved deacon. "Wasn't it a fair bargain?"

"I'll take the law of God," said the widow, with impotent indignation, and she departed to pour her cares and trials into the ever ready ear of Sam. Having assumed the care of the animal, he now sat contemplating it in a sort of trance of melancholy reflection.

"Why, boys," he broke out, "why didn't she come to me afore she bought this critter? Why, I knew all about him. That 'ere critter was jest ruined a year ago last summer, when Tom, the deacon's boy, came home from college. Tom drives him over to Sherburn and back that 'ere hot Fourth of July. Member it, 'cause I saw the critter when he came home: I sot up with Tom takin' care o' him all night; that 'ere critter had the thamps all night, and he hain't never been good for nothin' since. I telled the deacon he was a gone hoss then, and wouldn't never be good for nothin'. The deacon he took off his shoes and let him ran to pastur' all summer, and he's been a-feedin' and nussin on him up; I wouldn't 'a' thought it o' the deacon. Why, this hoss'll never be no good to her; that 'ere 's a used-up critter, any fool may see! He'll mabbe do for about a quarter of a mile on a smooth road, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why, he blows like my bellowses; and the deacon knew it—must 'a' known it."

"Why, Sam," we exclaimed, "ain't the deacon a good man?"

"Wal, now, there's where the shoe pinches! In a gin'al way the deacon is a good man—he's consid'ably more than middlin' good—gin'ally he adorns his profession. On most p'ints I don't hev nothin' agin the deacon, and this 'ere ain't a bit like him—come to hosses, and there's where the unsanctified natur' comes out! Folks will cheat about hosses when they won't about 'most nothin' else." And Sam leaned back on his cold forge, now empty of coal, and seemed to deliver himself to a mournful train of general reflections. "Yes, hosses does seem to be sort o' unregenerate critters," he broke out, "there's suthin' about hosses that deceives the very elect; the best o' folks gets tripped up when they come to deal in hosses."

"Why, Sam, is there anything bad in horses?" we interjected timidly.

"Tain't the hosses, boys," said Sam with solemnity. "Hosses is all right enough,—hosses is scriptural animals; Elijah went up to heaven in a chari't with hosses; and then all them lots o' hosses in the Revelations, black and white and red and all colors! That 'ere shows hosses goes to heaven; but it's more'n the folks that hev 'em is likely to, if they don't look out."

"Ministers now," continued Sam, in a soliloquizing vein; "folks allers thinks it's suthin' sort o' shaky in a minister to hev much to do with hosses,—sure to get 'em into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, of North Billriky, got into a drefful mess about a hoss. Lordy massy, he wasn't to blame, neither, but he got into the dreffulest scrape you ever heard on—come nigh to unsettlin' him."

"Oh, Sam, tell us all about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Well, wait till I get off this critter's shoes, and we'll take him up to pastur', and then we can kind o' set by the river and fish. Hepsy wanted a mess o' fish for supper, and I was cal'latin' to git some for her. You boys go and be diggin' bait and git yer lines."

And so as we were sitting tranquilly beside the Charles River, watching our lines, Sam's narrative began:

"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams—he's dead now—but when I was a boy he was one of the great men round here. He writ books. He writ a tract agin the Arminians, and put 'em down, and he writ a big book on the millennium (I've got that 'ere book now); and he was a smart preacher; folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there ain't no doubt he might 'a' had a Boston parish ef he'd 'a' ben a mind ter take it, and he'd got a good settlement and a handsome farm in North Billriky, and didn't care to move; though, I s'spose, that t'was better to be number one in a small place than number two in a big un; any way, he carried all before him where he was.

"Parson Williams was a tall, straight, personable man, come of good family—father and gran'ther before him all ministers; he was putty up and down and commandin' in his ways, and things had to go putty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was, and his wife was a Derby, one o' them rich Salem Derbys, and brought him a lot o' money, and so they lived putty easy and comfortable so far as this world's goods goes. Well, now, the parson wasn't reely what you call worldly-minded, but then he was o' them folks that *knows what's good* in temperals as well as spirituals, and allers like to hev the best that there was goin'; and he allers had an eye to a good hoss.

"Now there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton, and most of the other ministers, they didn't know and didn't care what hoss they bed; jest jogged along with these 'ere poundin' pot-bellied, sleepy critters that ministers mostly hes, good enough to crawl round to funerals and ministers' meetin's and associations and sich; but Parson Williams, he allers would hev a hoss as was a hoss; he looked out for *blood*, and when these 'ere Vermont fellers would come down with a drove, the parson he bed his eyes open and knew what was what. Couldn't none of 'em cheat him on hoss flesh; and so one time when Zach Buel was down with a drove, the doctor he bought the best horse in the lot. Zach said he never see a parson before he couldn't cheat, but he said the doctor reely knew as much as he did, and got the very one he'd meant to 'a' kept for himself.

"This 'ere hoss was a peeler, I'll tell you. They called him Tamerlane, from some heathen feller or other; the boys called him Tam for short. Tam was a gret character. All the fellers for miles around knew the doctor's Tam, and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Wal, this 'ere sot up Cuff's back high, I can tell you. Cuff was the doctor's nigger man, and he was nat'lly a drefful proud critter! The way he would swell and strut and brag about the doctor and his folks and his things! The doctor used to give Cuff his cast off clothes, and Cuff would prance round in 'em and seem to think he was the doctor of divinity himself, and had the charge of all natur'.

"Wal, Cuff he reely made an idol o' that 'ere hoss, a reg'lar graven image, and bowed down and worshipped him; he didn't think nothin' was too good for him; he washed and brushed and curried him, and rubbed him down till he shone like a lady's satin dress; and he took pride in ridin' and drivin' him 'cause it was what the doctor wouldn't let nobody else do but himself. You see, Tam wasn't no lady's horse. Miss Williams was frail as death of him, and the parson he bed to git her a sort o' low-spirited critter that she could drive herself, but he liked to drive Tam; and he liked to go round the country on his back, and a fine figure of a man he was on him too. He didn't let nobody else back him or handle the reins but Cuff, and Cuff was drefful set up about it, and he swelled and bragged about that ar hoss all round the country. Nobody couldn't put in a word 'bout any other hoss without Cuff's feathers would be all up, stiff as a tom turkey's tail—and that's how Cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see, there nat'lly was others that thought they'd got hosses, and didn't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins, out to the west parish, and Ike Sanders, that kept a stable up to Pequot Holler; they was down a-lookin' at the parson's hoss, and a-bettin' on them, and a-darin' Cuff to race with 'em.

"Wal, Cuff he couldn't stan' it, and when the doctor's back was turned he'd be off on the sly and they'd hev their race; and Tam he beat 'em all. Tam, ye see, boys, was a hoss that couldn't and wouldn't hev a hoss ahead of him—he jest *wouldn't*. Ef he dropped down dead in his tracks the next minit, he *would* be ahead, and he allers got ahead, and so his name got up—and fellers kep' comin' to try their hosses, and Cuff'd take Tam out to race with fast one and then another till this 'ere got to be a reg'lar thing, and began to be talked about.

"Folks sort o' wondered ef the doctor knew, but Cuff was sly as a weasel and allers had a story ready for every turn. Cuff was one o' them fellers that could talk a bird off a bush—master hand he was to slick things over!

"There was folks as said they believed the doctor was knowin' to it, and that he felt a sort o' carnal pride, seein' as a minister oughtn't for to hev, and so shet his eyes to what was a-goin' on. Aunt Sally Nickerson said she was sure on't; 'twas all talked over down to old Miss Bamniger's funeral, an Aunt Sally she said the church ought to look into 't. But everybody knew Aunt Sally; she was allers watchin' for folks' faults, and settin' on herself up to judge her neighbors.

"Wal, I never believed nothin' agin Parson Williams; it was all Cuff's contrivances; but the fact was the fellers all got their blood up, and there was hoss racin' in all the parishes; and it got so they'd even race hosses on Sunday.

"Wal, of course they never could get the doctor's hoss out a Sunday. Cuff wouldn't 'a' durst to do that, Lordy massay, no! He was allers there in church settin' up in the doctor's clothes, follin' up his eyes and lookin' as pious as ef he never thought o' racin' hosses; he was an awful solemn-lookin' nigger in church, Cuff was.

"But there was a lot o' them fellers up in Pequot Holler—Bill Atkins and Ike Sanders and Tom Peters and them Hokum boys—used to go out arter meetin' Sunday afternoon and race hosses. Ye see, it was jest close to the state line, and if the sl'ectmen was to come down on 'em, they could jest whip over the line and they couldn't take 'em.

"Wal, it got to be a great scandal; the fellers talked about it up to the tavern, and the deacons and the tithingman they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em jest to keep still, not let the fellers know that they was bein' watched, and next Sunday he and the tithingman and the constable they'd ride over and catch 'em in the very act.

"So next Sunday arternoon Parson Williams and Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley (he was constable that year) they got on to their hosses and rode over to Pequot Holler. The doctor's blood was up and he meant to come down on 'em strong, for that was his way of doin' in his parish; and they was in a sort o' day o' judgment frame o' mind, and jogged along solemn as a hearse, till come to rise the hill above the holler they see three or four fellers with their hosses gittin' ready to race; and the parson says he, 'Let's come on quiet and get behind these bushes, and we'll see what their up to and catch 'em in the act.'

"But the mischief on't was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin', and he knowed Tam in a minit,—Ike knowed him of old—and he jest tipped the wink to the rest. 'Wait, boys,' says he, 'let 'em git close up, and then I'll give the word and the doctor's horse will be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the doctor and his folks they drew up behind the bushes, and stood there innocent as could be, and saw 'em gittin' ready to start. Tam he began to snuffle and paw, but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to till Ike sung out, 'Go it, boys!' and the hosses all started, and, sure as you live, boys, Tam gave one fly and was over the bushes and was in among 'em, goin' it like chain lightnin', ahead of 'em all.

"Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley jest stood and held their breath to see 'em all goin' it so like thunder; and the doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest hold on any way, so away he went, and trees and bushes and fences streaked by him like ribbins; his hat flew off behind him, and his wig arter, and got catched in a barberry bush; but Lordy massy, he couldn't stop to think o' them. He jest leaned down and caught Tam round the neck and held on for dear life, till they came to the stoppin' place.

"Wal, Tam was ahead of 'em all, sure enough, and was snortin' and snufflin' as if he'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racin' some more on the spot.

"That 'ere Ike Sanders was the impudentest feller you ever see, and he roared and rawhawed at the doctor. 'Good for you, parson!' says he. 'You beat us all holler,' says he; 'takes a parson for that, don't it, boys?' he said. And then he and Ike and Tom and the two Hokum boys they jest roared, and danced round like wild critters. Wal, now, only think on't, boys, what a situation that 'ere was for a minister,—a man that had come out with the best o' motives to put a stop to Sabbath breakin'! There he was all rumpled up and dusty, and his wig hangin' in the bushes, and these 'ere ungodly fellers gittin' the laugh on him, and all acause o' that 'ere hoss. There's times, boys, when ministers must be tempted to swear, if there ain't preventin' grace, and this was one o' them times to Parson Williams. They say he got red in the face, and looked as if he should bust, but he didn't say nothin'; he scorned to answer,—the sons o' Zeruiah was too hard for him, and he let 'em hev their say. But when they'd got through, and Ben had brought him his hat and wig, and brushed and settled him agin, the parson he says, 'Wal, boys, ye've hed your say and your laugh, but I warn you now I won't have this thing going on here any more,' says he, 'so mind yourselves.'

"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off pretty quiet, and I believe they never raced no more in that spot.

"But there ain't no tellin' the talk that 'ere thing made. Folks will talk, you know, and there wasn't a house in all Billriky, nor in the south parish nor center, where it warn't had over and discussed. There was the deacon and Ben Bradley was there to witness and show jest how the thing was, and that the doctor was jest in the way of his duty; but folks said it made a great scandal, that a minister hadn't no business to hev that kind o' hoss, and that he'd give the enemy occasion to speak reprochfully. It reely did seem as if Tam's sins was imputed to the doctor; and folks said he ought to sell Tam right away and get a sober minister's hoss.

"But others said it was Cuff that had got Tam into bad ways, and they do say that Cuff had to catch it pretty lively when the doctor came to settle with him. Cuff thought his time had come sure enough, and was so scairt that he turned blacker'n ever; he got enough to cine him o' hoss racin' for one while. But Cuff got over it arter a while, and so did the doctor. Lordy massy, there ain't nothin' lasts forever. Wait long enough and 'most everything blows over. So it turned out about the doctor; there was a rumpus and a fuss, and folks talked and talked and advised; everybody had their say, but the doctor kep' right straight on, and kep' his hoss all the same.

"The ministers they took it up in the association, but come to tell the story it sot 'em all a-laughin' so they couldn't be very hard on the doctor.

"The doctor felt sort o' streaked at first when they told the story on him; he didn't jest like it; but he got used to it, and finally, when he was twitted on't, he'd sort o' smile, and say, 'Anyways, Tam beat 'em; that's one comfort.'"

Newspapers.

The Springfield Union has the following sensible remarks:

That the press is very useful as a public guardian is unquestionable, but it is altogether untrue that it needs to be ferocious and licentious to be thus useful. A final answer to this pretension is the fact that the English press, which is as influential as any in the world, and as valuable to the public it serves, is held to a far stricter responsibility for its language than the press in America. The very license which a part of the American press indulges in has so far defeated its own end by cultivating a general incredulity as to newspaper charges, that the influence of the whole press has suffered thereby, and is, to-day, less in the United States than it easily might be by cultivating a more moderate and sincere tone.

And the Printers' Circular adds: The newspaper is the handmaid of civilization. No family can maintain its place in society without it. The man needs it for information about markets and politics; the woman needs it as a diversion from her household cares and family duties, the young need it for both amusement and instruction. Thousands of families can take but a single newspaper, and that one should be commended to their consideration which best meets all their needs.

A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. Nevada has a veritable shepherdess, whose home is among the recesses of the mountains far away from any settlement. She is no fairy personage, with crook in hand, tending her father's flocks, but a woman wrinkled and wry, three score years old. She was recently encountered by a party of prospectors in the mining region, leading a herd of from two to three hundred goats. She wore but a single garment, and was making her headquarters within the enclosure of three rough stone walls, with an old wagon cover over one-half the top, and the front being wanting. Her couch was half a blanket and a sack of wool for a pillow. The food on hand consisted of a pound and a half of flour, which she used by mixing it in water and drinking it in the place of tea and coffee. She had also two dried slap jacks, one of which she was nibbling. She added to these luxuries such portions of flesh of her kids killed by coyotes as she was able to recover. The woman's permanent home, however, was five miles away, where she invited the party to call on her. They subsequently came across her cabin, but the mistress of the mansion was not at home. They found there eight pounds of beans and about as many of bacon and eight chickens. They also found there a sort of dress and the other half of the old lady's blanket. She refused to talk much of her history, or tell her name. At the time of the Reese river excitement her husband left her, and she has never seen him since. She started as a shepherdess with one goat of her own and two others which were given her, and from these have sprung in six years her entire herd, besides all which had died and been killed by coyotes.

A HOPEFUL FEELING. It does not require a very careful observer to notice that in all mercantile circles there is a more hopeful feeling than has existed since the crash in 1873. Trade has opened much better on the whole than at any time since the panic. The demand from the West is unusually lively, while orders from New England are increasing. But the most promising feature is that business men are feeling more confident than for years. The bankrupt law is no longer an obstacle, and the currency trouble is so nearly settled that it causes little uneasiness. Money is cheaper than ever before, but jobbers are wisely exercising unusual care in giving credit. During the past week there has been a much busier aspect about warehouses and the stores of jobbers than has been observed in a long time. [Boston Journal.

She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While walking out, several butterflies passed her. "Oh dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite." "They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies." "Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures, that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything." [Whitehall Times.

This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

Capturing Sea-Lions in Alaska.

[From illustrated paper by Henry W. Elliot, Scribner for October.]

A singular method is annually employed by the natives of St. Paul's Island, Alaska, for the capture of the sea-lion. Here is an island which, instead of presenting an almost unbroken line of bold, abrupt cliffs to the sea, like its fellows in the North Pacific, offers to the landing seals a low, though gradually rising ground. Taking advantage of this topography, the natives of St. Paul's Island secure every season hundreds of sea-lions, with but a tithe of the labor and exposure by which their capture is attended at other places. Eleven miles northeast from the village on St. Paul's Island is a point upon which a large number of sea-lions annually repair for the purposes of breeding, but as the animal is timid, and sure to take to water when brought into the presence of man, its capture requires much discretion and boldness on the part of its captors, who are chosen every season from the village people, with especial reference to their physical qualification for the work. The "sea-riche," as the natives name them, cannot be approached successfully by daylight; so the hunters, ten or twelve in number, rendezvous in a but near by until a favorable night comes on, when the moon is partially obscured by drifting clouds and the wind blows in from the rookery. Then they step down to the beach, at low water, and proceed to creep flat on all fours over the surf-beaten sand and bowlders up to the dozing herd and between them and the water; in this way a small body of men crawling along in Indian file may pass unnoticed by the sea-lion sentries. When the creeping natives have all reached the strip of beach which is left bare by ebb tide between the water and the unsuspecting animals, at a given signal, the hunters leap to their feet, shout, yell, and brandish their arms while the astonished and terrified lions roar and flounder in all directions. If at the moment of surprise, the brutes are sleeping with their heads pointed towards the water, they charge straight on in that way, directly over the men; but if their heads have been resting pointed landward, they follow that course just as desperately, and nothing will turn them, at first, either one way or the other. Those that charge for the water are lost, of course, but the natives promptly follow up the land leaders with a rare combination of horrible noises and demoniacal gesticulations until the first frenzied spurt and exertions of the terrified animals completely exhausts them, and then, panting, gasping, prone upon the earth, they are extended at the mercy of their cunning captors, who gently urge them along up to the hut in which they have been keeping watch during several days past, for the night in which to make this effort. Here the natives have what they call their pen or cage, in which the pen-like seals, as they are captured from night to night, are collected and retained until sufficient numbers or a drove of three or four hundred have been secured. This cage is nothing more than a succession of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle, in the ground; these poles are decked with flattering strips of white cotton cloth, and light robes are loosely stretched from one to the other. Within this flimsy circle the sea-lions are securely imprisoned, and though necessarily watched by two or three men, they scarcely make an effort to escape, but their roaring is almost deafening, while they constantly writhe and twist over and against one another like a handful of angle-worms in a saucer.

Sweet Cider.

The country cider press has in the past history of this nation exerted quite as marked an influence upon the characters of its population as the country pulpit, and there have been times, even in a more orthodox period than the present, when the sacred desk would have been in danger had the issue been raised as to which of these two institutions should be disestablished. But while old-fashioned theology comes down to us greatly diluted, and bereft of its heat like flavorless spice, country cider, when the farmer does not imitate the sharp practice of the milkman, about holds its own. We are not sure that it has not improved in some particulars, for the juices of the cultivated fruit to-day should excel in richness the spontaneous but luxuriant pomological growths that used to supply the farmer and his family with their winter's champagne. Cider is still the old man's comfort, the young man's strength and the boy's delight. The latter especially finds in it one of the forces of his development. He begins with the ripening of the fruit in the old orchard, and follows the processes through which the apples are put until the rich brown juice surges into the vat, and thence is filtered through the golden straw into the receptacles where it is to be preserved. To live under one's own vine and fig tree is a boon of narrow significance and comprehension compared with the homely privilege of gathering the cider crop.

For adolescent youth there is no anti-lean remedy that can compare with cider right from the bung, and but a few days from the press. The suggestive haze that breaks in bubbles through the main vent tells the boy who understands the signs that the time has come to bring forth the bundle of bright and symmetrical straws, chosen with critical eye from the harvest-field in the warm days of July that were giving body and flavor to the juices of the apple. Here is true bliss and innocent satisfaction. He throws his abdomen across a barrel and inserts two straws, or one, according to his taste or the eagerness of his thirst, and applies his powers of suction to the ends he still retains. The process is not long continued before the boy begins to rise like an air cushion that is being inflated; his skin grows tense and his eyes tearful with the magnitude of his effort, until he seems in the condition of a gorged mosquito that needs but to be touched to burst. It doesn't hurt him, however, and in spite of appearances no boy was ever known to fly asunder from the cider that he had taken into his system. The presses along the country streams are full of business now, partly to supply the needs of home consumption and partly to meet the cattle-show demand. There is nothing that absorbs cider like a county fair, for, no matter how much the farmer's boy gets at home, if he goes away and has to part with some of his spending money to obtain the beverage, it flushes his palate like nectar of the gods. [Boston Post.

IT LACKS TRUE INWARDNESS. The mode of making love in Portugal is very simple, but lacks energy and the true inwardness of the American article. The Portugal young man pays his addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of his affections, while the young lady looks down from the upper window, and that's all there is to it. No gum drops, no measuring of waists with arms, no peanuts, no gazing into liquid depths of love-melting eyes, no—and-so-forth. It is a great saving of the old man's gas and fuel, but on a cold night the young man is liable to have his ears frozen, unless he carries a stove in his coat-tail pocket. These silent courtships, we are told, sometimes continue for very long periods before the lover can ask the important question, or the lady return the final answer. There is big room for improvement in matter of Portugal love-making. [Norristown Herald.

Killed in an Open Court.

A STORY WHICH, FOR VARIOUS REASONS, WAS NEVER BEFORE FULLY TOLD.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Louisville, tells the following strange story:

The congressional canvass in the Eighth Kentucky district, now represented by the Hon. Milton J. Durham, was of almost unprecedented interest in this state. Mr. Durham early announced himself a candidate for renomination, but there was a vigorous opposition, and, when the Democratic convention met several weeks ago, Durham had not sufficient strength to secure the necessary vote. After several days of fruitless balloting the convention broke up and all the candidates were left a free field. The canvass has since developed such bitterness, one of its episodes being what threatened to become a serious personal controversy between Mr. Durham and the Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier Journal—so much political vitriol was thrown broadcast that it was decided to reassemble the convention and put a regular nominee before the district. The convention was held, and Philip Thompson, Jr., of Mercer county, was selected as the candidate of the party. The district is so strongly Democratic that the nomination of the convention is ordinarily equivalent to an election. But against Philip Thompson will be recalled the incidents of the most shocking tragedy that has ever occurred even in this state of extraordinary tragedies, and whether it will defeat him or not the issue can only show.

Philip Thompson is a member of a very noted Kentucky family. His grandfather represented one of its districts in the Congress of 1823 and a relative was vice president of the United States. Both his father and himself have occupied notable official positions in the state. He is connected by blood or marriage with most of the best families of Kentucky and Virginia, and is himself a man of much more than the usual ability. But the blood of a boy-hood playmate is on his hands, and, though a jury acquitted him on the ground of self defence, there are very many people in Kentucky who refuse to accept that decision, and among them is probably the Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, who, if Mr. Thompson is elected, will sit with him in the Kentucky delegation in the 46th Congress.

In March, 1873, a case was called in the circuit court of Mercer, being the suit of Theodore Davies, a highly respected farmer of the county, for the recovery of some $2,000 loaned by Davies to Philip Thompson, sr., father of to-day's nominee. Philip Thompson, sr. and Davies were neighbors, and had been the most intimate friends. The second son of Davies had been named for Thompson, and Thompson's second son, in return, was christened Theodore Davies. The money was to mature in a year, in some friendly transaction, and a note was given as hardly more than a matter of form. It was not paid at maturity, but Davies did not ask for payment until long after, when his necessities compelled the request. Thompson, a lawyer in large practice, was at the time counsel for wealthy attorney of the district. His counsel and cost him heavily, and he was pressed in the lower courts and general in entertaining, after the hospitable fashion of most every Kentuckian of social or political prominence. He asked for further time, and the matter was postponed. But Davies, so he afterwards charged, one day had occasion to look over his papers, and Thompson's note was missing. He walked over to Thompson's house, told of its loss, and asked for another note. Thompson, to his astonishment, said that the note had long since been paid and, I suppose, might produce the original paper

The St. George Murder.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

ROCKLAND, Oct. 2. At the Hart murder trial today the court room has been crowded. Hart continues to manifest an apparently unperturbed demeanor. Several more witnesses testified that nothing was known about the cloud, or scarf, around the neck of the deceased on the 29th of January, and not until a more particular examination of the body at the inquest, on the following day. Vinal Wall testified that on the evening of the 29th, Nathan F. Hart told him, he was with Long and others when the body was discovered, and that the hands were tied above the head with a cording, in a square knot, and the cloud was wound tightly around the neck three times, and tied. The defence tried to break down this witness on cross examination, but he persisted in the statement. Witnesses were called to prove that at the inquest Hart could not account for his whereabouts during the evening of December 22d, but gave particulars as to where he was on the evening of the 29th, which is the date of the paper found in the house, on which were also the words, "I came as a woman when she was out. I wait till she came back, not for money; but I killed her."

Mrs Catherine Hall testified Was at Hart's house on the day the murder was discovered and his wife said Hart was up stairs sick. Mrs Hart's son came in and said Mrs. Meserve was found dead in the house. Hart afterwards came down stairs, his wife said "Your dream has come true." He said "yes" also said "I thought a murder would be committed at Centennial Hall, but did not think it would be so near us." Hart looked pale and ate no dinner. Hart afterwards went to the Meserve house and came back and told of the paper being found in the house, and read off on his hand what he said he heard was on it. The next day the same witness was at Hart's house and Hart told of going to Hart's Neck the evening of Dec 29th, and when he came back met a man with a coat over his head.

Several witnesses testified that Hart admitted at the inquest that the most of the two log books exhibited were written by him, and Nelson Hall, Customs Officer, testified that he knew Hart's handwriting and that certain letters purporting to be signed by him, were in his opinion genuine. Albert S. Southworth and George A. Sawyer, of Boston, experts in handwriting, testified to the examination of specimens of Hart's acknowledged handwriting, also the paper found in Meserve's house and anonymous letters, and believed all to be written by his hand. Their testimony was very elaborate. Warren Allen, who was in charge of the house where the body was on January 29th, testified that Hart wanted him to allow him (Hart) to go into the house that night or early next morning before people were stirring, and he refused. Witness also testified to Hart's telling his dream to the effect that two other men and himself were in Mrs. Meserve's house. The others strangled her and she fell dead in his arms and he awoke.

THIRD DAY.

ROCKLAND, Oct. 3. In the Hart murder trial the forenoon was exclusively occupied in the continuation of expert testimony to show the identity of Hart's handwriting with that of the note found in the house, and of the anonymous Philadelphia and Providence letter. The latter purports to have been written by the murderer, who represents himself to be the human brute and gives details of the crime in the most brutal form, including rape and murder. It also contains threats against various persons and declares Hart to be wrongfully accused.

Warren F. Hart deposed to a conversation with Hart and wife a year and a half ago, in which it was said Hart had his face slapped and shirt bosom torn in tooling with Mrs. Meserve. The writer of the anonymous letter attributes a similar incident to himself. Hart also told witness shortly after the body was found that he had been home 60 or 70 nights and could remember where he was only on Monday, Dec. 24th.

The jailor having the prisoner in charge testified that his wife had free access to him till after the Providence letter was received. Hart did not like to be alone and kept a gas burning nights. He said he would either return to St. George a free man or a corpse. He prayed at times and played cards at times.

A fellow prisoner in jail testified that one night a noise from Hart's cell awoke the inmates of the corridor, and he heard the words "Don't murder me." Hart afterwards told witness he was dreaming, he murdered Mrs. Meserve, and threatened bodily harm if he told of it. This prisoner testified that he read the Providence letter to Hart from a newspaper and Hart said "There was too much Hart in it to do him much good." Previously Hart said he wished another letter would come out. He thought it would clear him.

Joshua Smalley testified to speaking of a new fashion of murder in a store in Hart's presence shortly after the body was discovered describing the taking turns round the neck with the cloud, and knotting in sailor fashion, and next day Hart told witness he felt like sinking through the floor last night to think people suspected him. Witness had not then heard that Hart was suspected.

The jailor of the court house testified that since the trial began Hart had said he had been tortured enough, had been lied about and was innocent, and it submitted to more torture he would not go out of the cell till carried out.

Since yesterday, the county attorney being confined to his bed by illness, Attorney General Emery has managed the case for the State alone.

FOURTH DAY.

ROCKLAND, Oct. 4. In the Hart murder trial this forenoon, a witness testified that at the gate of the Meserve house on the day of the discovery of the murder he saw Hart and asked him who first put them up to open the house and Hart said "I did. I've been putting Meserve up all winter to have that damned tomb opened." Witness asked why he called it a tomb, and Hart said "Because I knew she was dead in the house."

THE DEFENCE.

The Government stopped here and the defence was opened by R. Dunton, junior counsel. Lydia A. Sylvester, Hart's step daughter, testified that the prisoner was at home on the evening of Dec 22d, when the crime is supposed to have been committed, from 4 till about 9, when witness retired. On cross examination witness said she testified at the inquest that she was not at home that evening, but since remembered that she was, on being reminded by Mrs. Whitehouse that she called at Hart's that evening.

Mrs. Whitehouse testified that she called at Hart's a little after 8 that evening and heard Hart and his step daughter talking in the next room. The wife of Hart testified that her husband was at the house that evening. At the inquest she testified that she was at home, but did not remember that her husband was at home. She afterwards remembered that he was at home upon Mrs. Whitehouse telling her that she (Whitehouse) was at her house that evening. She did not remember ever telling the prisoner (her husband) that he had better mind or he would get his face slapped and his shirt bosom torn out again.

The prisoner's wife on cross-examination testified that she stated at the inquest that her husband was out until 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Dec 22d; that she offered to go with him that evening if he would wait, and he did not wait. She then thought she was telling the honest truth, but changed her recollection after being reminded by Mrs. Whitehouse of her call, and now says it was Friday evening her husband was out. Did not think strange that her husband wore slippers to Hart's Neck Monday evening; has a trouble with his feet and is in the habit of wearing slippers out of doors.

Mrs. Louisa Wall, prisoner's daughter, testified to being at the village Saturday evening, Dec. 22d. Did not see her father that night. Isaac was at Vinal Wall's the night of the 29th of January when he came from Hart's. Vinal spoke of hearing of the finding of brown paper, but did not mention Nathan Hart or anything about a cloud around the neck of the deceased.

A. R. Dunton testified (as a hand writing expert) that he examined the anonymous papers and log book; that the brown paper and anonymous letters were by the same hand that wrote the first five pages of log book number one, which pages were admitted to be the hand of A. K. Meserve. On cross examination he admitted that he had the papers the first week of the March term of Court, or sooner. When he saw the Attorney General after he had had the papers several days, he might have thought it was Hart's. He admitted the letters and first pages of the log book were written by the same person. He had discovered more than one hand writing in the book. Witness admitted that the writing in a letter to Sheriff Lowe, of March 31st, about Hart—"One thing is sure, he wrote the writing on the brown and blue paper, if he kept the log book and wrote the letters submitted as standards." He expressed the same opinion as late as July or August; but with the understanding that the first pages of the log book were Hart's hand writing. Witness admitted cutting certain pages out of the log book, but said he did it by order of the County Attorney.

FIFTH DAY.

ROCKLAND, Oct. 5. In the Hart murder trial this forenoon, Mrs. Sarah Gardiner, sister of the prisoner, denied that Allen Andrews told her that Hart had said he put up Meservey to have the house opened or that he (the prisoner) knew Mrs. Meservey was dead in the house.

Nathan F. Hart (the prisoner) testified that he was at home all the evening of the twenty-second of December; told the story of going to Hart's Neck Monday evening the twenty fourth, substantially as the other witnesses. He testified twice at the inquest; didn't know that he was suspected the first time he testified; did not testify then that he was at home the evening of Dec. twenty second, but that he was at home or at the village. Some two or three weeks after he remembered that he was at the Meservey house twice the day of the murder; saw Allen Andrews but did not tell him he tried to get Meservey to open the house. He remembered of Vinal Wall bringing him a dream; told him Mrs. Meservey had been found murdered, but told him nothing about the scarf around the neck of the body; told his dream, but said his dream about Meservey was after the murder was discovered; attended the funeral and helped bring out the corpse by request of Mr. Crocker; did not tell Thomas in jail, anything about writing the Providence letter; said emphatically that he had nothing to do with the murder of Sarah Meservey.

On cross-examination the prisoner said he did not state at the inquest that he had a dream about Sarah Meservey before the body was found; was asked there particularly whether it was before or after. At the inquest he remembered fully about Monday evening because he had something on his mind; was anxious to get the present to his daughter before Christmas, the next day; as to Sunday did not then remember whether he was at home or at the harbor, but afterwards recollected because he put his whole mind on that evening to trace himself and see where he might have been. His first recollection was from remembering painting a vessel. The prisoner appeared well on the stand, showed no signs of nervousness and did not break down anywhere or contradict himself under cross-examination. The County Attorney testified that the first pages of log-book number one were not given to Dunton as the prisoner's handwriting; no leaves were torn from the log-book by his suggestion. A. R. Dunton did suggest to him to tear them out. Another witness testified that Dunton said he tore them out. Another testified that Dunton told him he was so sure Hart wrote the Philadelphia letter that if a man should come and confess the murder he would still say Hart did the writing.

Miss Annie Wiley testified that the prisoner's wife told witness' aunt on the day the former testified at the inquest in answer to a question that the prisoner went out the evening of the 22nd of December, and returned after a short time, and if she had gone out with him as proposed, this trouble would not have happened. Whitney Long testified that he understood the prisoner to swear at the inquest that his dream was before the body was found. The testimony closed to-day. The case adjourned to Monday morning for the arguments. Attorney General Emery has conducted the cross examination for the State in a very able and searching manner.

CONCLUSION. HART CONVICTED AND SENTENCED.

In the Hart trial at Rockland the closing argument for the defence was made Monday forenoon by J. H. Montgomery. It was an able and impassioned plea. The prisoner's family were very much affected, and Hart himself in tears at times. The court room was densely thronged. In the afternoon Attorney General Emery concluded his argument for the State, occupying about three hours. The jury retired a little before 2 o'clock, and after an absence of about an hour and a half returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. Hart was considerably affected by the announcement, and his wife and family were overwhelmed with emotion. The Court then imposed a sentence of imprisonment for life, and the scene which followed between Hart and the members of his family was affecting in the extreme. At 7.30 o'clock this evening Hart was removed from the Court House cell and taken in irons to the State Prison by Warden Rice. When he was delivered to the custody of the officer, he was very much broken down, and exclaimed: "My God! Is it possible God has no mercy?" He shook hands with all present as he was leaving the room, saying, with tears streaming down his face, "Neighbors, don't think of me as a murderer." The general impression among the public is that the verdict was just.

Another Murder in Knox County.

ROCKLAND, Oct. 3d. Coroner Mallard held an inquest this afternoon upon the body of Mrs. Honora Sullivan, supposed to be murdered last night. The autopsy was made by Dr. Boynton assisted by Dr. Wiggin, and the physicians testified that death was caused by a blow on the temple, which fractured the skull. Ellen Reardon, a neice of the deceased testified: Found the deceased on the ground and Hannah Thorndike upon her holding her down, a short distance from the Thorndike woman's house; cried "police," and the Thorndike woman ran into her house; saw no blows, but heard Mrs. Sullivan say "she has killed me"; it was quite dark at the time. Other witnesses testified to assisting to bring Mrs. Sullivan to the house, but there was no encounter between the two. Hannah Thorndike, under arrest for the murder, testified: Met Mrs. Sullivan that afternoon and parted with her on friendly terms; later Mrs. Sullivan came to witness's door and accused her of stealing her money; after some words deceased caught witness by the hair and tried to knock her down; witness put her hands against her and shoved her off, and she fell on the platform, and witness did not see her after; this was some time before lamplight. The accused was remanded and the inquest adjourned to Monday to procure further testimony. The Thorndike woman has a very bad reputation, and has frequently been before the Police Court. The deceased woman was of good repute and the mother of a respectable family.

The jury of inquest found that the deceased came to her death from concussion of the brain produced by a blow inflicted by some blunt, hard substance in the hands of Hannah Thorndike.

Loss of a Waldoboro Ship.

Details of the wreck of the ship Mabel Clark, on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, confirms previous accounts by telegraph of the extreme hardship of the survivors. A. G. Studer, American Consul at Singapore, has communicated the facts of the wreck and loss of life. In his letter he gives the names and manner of death of those lost, as follows: Mallard Hitchcock, second mate, of Waldoboro, Me., drowned, while trying to reach the shore. Thos. Brannbox, seaman, supposed to be a German, shipped at Liverpool, drowned while swimming ashore. Chas. Harris, seaman, and Frank Smith shipped at Liverpool. On the morning of May 1st, they volunteered to swim ashore with a small line stretching from the rigging to the deck. They were struck by the sea and swept overboard. John Geonzeman, supposed to be a German, shipped at Liverpool, was swept overboard from the deck May 1st. Fred Smith, seaman, supposed to be an Englishman, shipped at Liverpool, died in the rigging from exhaustion.

The Mabel Clark was built in Waldoboro, Me., 1876, owned by L. O. Clark and others of Waldoboro, Capt. Shelden and T. H. Smith & Co. of New York. She cost about $90,000, and was partly insured.

Villainous Crime by a Negro.

ANSONIA, Conn., Oct. 4. Between three and four o'clock yesterday Edward Freeman (colored) kidnapped Jane McCrindle, aged seven, daughter of John McCrindle, took her to a barn and committed an outrage upon her. He conveyed her after dark to Derby, left her beside the road, where she was found by neighbors and returned to her home about 9 P. M.

At two this morning Freeman was arrested and conveyed to the lock-up. At about nine a crowd of four hundred collected, knocked down Timothy O'Sullivan, a grand juror, obtained the keys, went to the jail, took Freeman from the cell, tied a rope around his neck and dragged him a quarter of a mile to the top of Colburn Hill, where they were about to hang him when he was rescued by Deputy Sheriff Whipple. He was taken to Birmingham and afterward to New Haven. The little girl's condition is serious, but not critical. Freeman has a bad reputation, having served one term in prison for a similar offence.

A Bank Failure.

The liabilities of the City of Glasgow bank, Scotland, which closed its doors on the 2d, are five million dollars. The liability of the shareholders is unlimited. One hundred pound shares were dealt yesterday, at over two hundred pounds and within a week at 237. The Bank was established in 1839 and had fifty to sixty branches. Other Scotch banks were asked for assistance, but after examining the books at the meeting yesterday, refused to do more than redeem the note circulation of the city of Glasgow bank, which is stated at 3½ million dollars. The failure has caused a great excitement through Scotland and in the London stock exchange, where there was a heavy fall in Scotch railway shares in consequence of the pressure of stockholders to sell. The failure is generally attributed to its resources being locked up in bill shares and debentures of various kinds that are not really convertible. The failure is believed to have been in consequence of large advances on American securities, grain and real estate, the values of which are largely depreciated.

A Sad Suicide.

CAMDEN, Oct. 4. The dead body of Charles E. Quinby, aged twenty-seven years, son of Rev. Dr. Quinby, of Augusta, editor of the Gospel Banner, was found this morning in a camp on the side of Mt. Batty. A bottle of morphine and a bottle of laudnum were found on a table. The coroner's inquest decided it a case of suicide. He has been boarding in Camden some weeks and had not been seen since Tuesday morning. His suicide was somewhat expected, as he has been disappointed in love. His autobiography is written in a book entitled, "A Woman's Wiles," though really dedicated to him, published by Carlton & Co., New York. He was an exemplary young man, an able and vivid writer to many journals, and once an editor on a Portland Sunday paper. His career has been truly romantic, it is said.

A Massachusetts granger who was interviewed the other day disposed of the Butler doctrine thus practically: "I don't want any of Butler's greenback inflation money. When I leave home to sell my wood I want to know that my $6.50 a cord is going to be wuth $6.50 in gold at the place I sell it, don't I? To have a dollar a jumpin' up an' down is as bad as t'would be to have eight feet make a cord in Stirling and ten feet make a cord in Leominster. How could I sell wood with a measure that was a lengthinin' out or shuttin' to every hour! Hey?"

To men entirely mean a nickel looks as big as a copper cent.

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The Increasing Trade and Prosperity of the United States.

All the while that the apostles of inflation and bad faith have been rending the air with their cries that this great country has become worthless and barren to the laboring man, and that none but capitalists and bondholders could thrive within its borders, the unseen and silent but fruitful earth has developed in abundance that which gives the lie direct to all such foolishly malicious statements. This country of ours fairly groans under the abundance of its harvests. From Maine to California, from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the produce of corn, wheat, cotton, beef and pork are such as it never knew before. This vast accumulation of wealth, this aggregate of God's bounty, is poured into the garners of the farmers, and represents the hoard of wealth which the season has brought to the most numerous class of the country's labor-capitalists.

It will probably be remarked, by those who deny that any such prosperity exists, that this immense amount of produce can find no market. But if commercial statistics be consulted, it will be found that the enormous surplus of produce is rapidly finding its way to foreign markets. In nine weeks of August and September the shipment of wheat, or its equivalent in flour, has aggregated the enormous amount of 37,500,000 bushels, being more than three times that of the same period in the preceding year. Our whole domestic exports for the year ending with August has amounted to $720,000,000, being an increase of $117,000,000, as compared with the preceding one. As an interesting single instance of this immense exportation, we copy from a Boston commercial paper the following mention of the cargo of one steamer—

The steamer Hooper, Capt. Murrell, sailed for Liverpool from this port Saturday evening, with the largest cargo ever yet sent to England. Every inch of room on this monster steamer was filled, the saloons and state rooms not excepted, there being just room enough left to allow the sailors a place to sleep in, and not much room at that. The cargo consisted of 114,000 bushels wheat, 36,000 bushels corn, 13,420 bags oatmeal, 960 barrels and 600 sacks flour, 600 barrels apples, 116 barrels tallow, 100 tierces lard, 150 boxes bacon, 348 head of cattle, 508 live sheep, 290 bales cotton, 251 hogsheads tobacco, besides hay and grain to feed the livestock on the passage across.

The cotton crop is also coming forward to an active market. This state of things is made still better by the excess of exports over imports, showing a falling off of importations to the amount of $85,000,000 for 1877. With this amount of balance of trade in our favor, with the premium on gold at only one fourth of one per cent, and specie resumption in three months prepared for, there must be a revival of business. It will not come all at once, by any means—but as all such revivals have come, slowly and gradually. The return of business prosperity will be greatly accelerated if, as now seems probable, the patched up peace of the Treaty of Berlin shall give way before the difficulties that confront it, and war shall again rage along the Asiatic frontier. Afghanistan has affronted the British, by declining to receive a resident agent of that government, and Russia is believed to be secretly aiding and encouraging the Afghans. If any of these causes of quarrel shall suddenly flame into war, all that this country need do, will be to preserve an easy neutrality and put money in its purse.

All the new anti-Republican material that is going into Congress, is not advocating soft money, by any means. The Boston Post thus speaks of one of the new Senators—"It is gratifying to be assured that the new Senator from Oregon, Mr. Slater, is a sound hard-money man. He holds to the old Democratic doctrine that gold and silver are the only kind of money recognized by the Constitution. Moreover, he does not believe it desirable, after having struggled so long to get at specie payments, to lose the ground already attained, and compel the country to experience a repetition of the disasters which have ensued from a departure from sound financial principles. The election of such men cannot be too highly commended."

The election in Colorado, last week, gave a check to the Greenback flood, which submerged Maine and threatened other states. The Republicans resolved for resumption and hard money, and the Democrats for more greenbacks. The result is that the Republican majority is increased from 800 last year to 2500 this year, many hard money Democrats voting with them. Into the canvass entered the case of Belford, who claims that he was unfairly unseated by the Democrats of the present house, and who is now returned by a large majority. This result gives the Republicans an U. S. Senator, and the vote of the state in case the election of President shall be thrown into Congress.

The Maine election has been over some weeks, the Greenback furor has done its work,—and now comes the sober but slow moving truth regarding the banks. Last week was published the semi-annual report of the Boston banks, which does not show a great degree of prosperity for those bloated bondholders. Of the 57 banks reported, nine pay no dividends. The average dividends amount to less than 2½ per cent. for the last six months,—less than 5 per cent. per annum. Four banks have reduced their capital, withdrawing together $1,500,000 from the business. There are no new banks, although the business is open to anybody who chooses to engage in it.

The October Elections.

The October elections, of which we give the returns latest received in another column, indicate that the Republicans of Ohio have held their own in the Congressional delegation, and carried the state ticket by a small majority. In Iowa there is no doubt that the Republican state and Congressional candidates are all elected. From Indiana the returns for Congressmen are meagre and uncertain, but the Democrats appear to have elected their state ticket. Upon the whole the Democrats have gained nothing, but rather lost, by Greenback ideas and affiliations. It is rendered certain that hard money is to win in the end.

South Carolina and Massachusetts agreed pretty well during the revolution, and they marched arm in arm, into the Andy Johnson Philadelphia convention. But nevertheless they have little fallings out, which the rest of the country looks upon as a matter of course. The latest skirmish is between Gov. Hampton and Gov. Rice, over the rendition of one Kimpton, who is claimed by South Carolina as an offender against her laws. These two representative men have been firing hot shot, the latest being a letter from Gov. Rice, which concludes as follows, concerning a letter which was published in the papers before it reached him—

Your excellency's letter requires no argument in reply. It is sufficient to say that it contains statements and imputations contradictory of the facts and likely to mislead the public where the facts are unknown. Its language and untimely publication are offensive and unjustifiable, and I decline to accept it or to permit it to be placed upon the files of the Executive Department of this Commonwealth. It is herewith returned.

Your obedient servant,
ALEXANDER H. RICE, Governor.

We had the pleasure of a call Monday afternoon from Mr. R. W. Ellis, of Belfast, senator elect from Waldo. He is sanguine of good results of all sorts from the Greenback movement. [Rockland Opinion.

Mr. Ellis was on his way to visit sundry porgy factories on the coast, at the invitation of those who control what his party calls those "huge monopolies." Of course they do not pay the expenses of legislators on such trips, without expectation of return. The Convention that nominated the Senator elect passed the following resolution—

Resolved, That our shore fishermen should be protected by legislature, and the porgy steamers owned by rich monopoly kept off their territory.

And yet the first thing our new official does, after election, is to make a visit, by invitation, free of all expenses, to the establishments of these "rich monopolists"! It will be well to watch this matter next winter, and see if there isn't something in the wind besides the odor of porgies.

The Belfast Journal is jubilant over the fact that "every candidate supported by the Opinion got a defeat at the polls." [Rockland Opinion.

Not exactly. But we just smiled at the rueful visage of the Opinion over the result, after it had swaggeringly proclaimed the immense victory it was to achieve. We can't well refrain from it when anything so very funny occurs. The Opinion adds that it is "unwilling to consider itself the Jonah of Democratic defeat." The comparison is a good one, Jonah, like the Opinion, was a good deal down in the mouth.

Our neighbor the Journal, we see, nominates us for Secretary of State. No, thank you, we are not a candidate for any office. [Progressive Age.

Then will prevail the injustice which the Age saw as early as the meeting on the night of election, and "I am Waldo" will be likely to harvest the crop which the editor of the Age so carefully cultivated. Our neighbor should have more self-assertion.

Poor old Virginia has been trying to make water run up hill, and can't succeed. The state has been full of foolish talk about repudiation. One day it was discovered that the treasury was empty, and that money was needed to carry on the government. But the bankers who were applied to for a loan, declined to make it. The laws of finance are as inexorable as those of nature.

The Age permits an "old subscriber" to say some very sensible things in last week's issue, concerning Ben Butler, as follows—

"What can you Greenbackers expect to do with such a leader as Ben Butler? He helped to destroy the republican party and now you take him into your party to destroy that. It was the salary grab which killed the republican party, and Butler was a salary grabber. If Grant had vetoed the salary grab he might have been President another term. Some people think it is great to cheat the government, but they will get their pay for it."

William A. Russell, of Lawrence, Mass., of the firm which formerly employed the paper mills in this city, has received the Republican nomination for Congress in the Seventh Massachusetts District. The Boston Herald says—"Mr. Russell, in character, capacity and personal presence, will be an acquisition to the lower branch of Congress."

A Maine farmer reports at Belfast that he has lost a $125 diamond shirt stud. If the police knew anything they'd iron that man at once. Who knows but he is the Nathan murderer? [Boston Post.

The farmer is all right. He takes the Journal and pays in advance, which no really bad man was ever known to do.

Although Bob Ingersoll puts no faith in praying, he nevertheless believes in the efficacy of "Holy Willie's Prayer." [Boston Post.

He will be compelled to believe in that line of it which sends "one to heaven and ten to hell," when he joins the majority.

Gen. Banks was last Thursday defeated in the Republican nominating convention of the fifth Massachusetts district, and goes into political retirement. The General tried to straddle too much, and so came to the ground.

Solon Chase has commenced his work in Indiana. The Indianapolis Sun says that "the women shed tears of gratitude for his humanitarian argument." Hence these steers.

Smith is the name of the editor of the Skowhegan Reporter, but he has no other kinship to the aspiring Greenbacker of Oldtown.

Since Tarbox has gone over to Butler, the Boston Herald speaks of him as "the late John K. Tarbox."

Mr. Woodbury has sold the Skowhegan Reporter to Mr. J. O. Smith, of the Secretary of State's office, Augusta. Mr. S. assumes control with the issue of the 4th, and makes at once a decided improvement, by abolishing the quarto form, and bringing out the paper as a folio. Other improvements will follow, and the public may look to see the Reporter one of the best papers in the state.

The Augusta Journal publishes a list of the crimes of forty-five persons confined in Augusta jail—which is a pretty hard record for the place where laws are made and promulgated.

Lawyers and Their Fees. An Interesting Case.

"An attorney," said Lord Brougham, "is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy, *and keeps it himself!*" The witticism is by no means of universal application, for the profession affords opportunities for the exercise of the highest qualities that adorn human nature, and includes many who delight to render their services to the weak and oppressed, often without the hope of fee or reward, other than the approval of their consciences. Still, for some reason, perhaps because the selfish and avaricious portion is the more active, the profession as a whole has been a target for the shafts of ridicule, from the time of the Saviour, when "a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him," to the present day. It is true that the other learned professions have felt the power of ridicule, but not in the same degree. Readers of fiction have keenly relished the humor of Dickens in the celebrated trial, Bardell vs. Pickwick, as they have the pathos which the genius of Shakespeare infused into the trial of the suit of Shylock against Antonio, and the triumph of the "wise young doctor of Rome."

There is no profession which affords the same opportunities to speedily acquire wealth, especially to the cunning and unscrupulous practitioner: for there is none admitted to such close acquaintance with the hidden springs of human action, or delves so deeply among the secrets which pertain to the gaining and keeping of property by means fair or foul. The lawyer knows the flaw in the title to the farm, the mortgage on the city property with the chances of its payment or forfeiture, the impending bankruptcy, the legacies of the will, the frail hopes of the heir who is to be cut off with a shilling,—and locks them all alike among his professional secrets. This knowledge, to certain members of the profession, is sometimes of more value than the possession of that mine of profit, a rich and obstinate client.

Although the attorney has many advantages in the practice of his profession, which the unscrupulous may take advantage of, there are likewise reciprocal duties and obligations to which the law holds him strictly accountable. In assuming to practice, the lawyer professes himself to be reasonably well acquainted with the law, and skilled in its practice, and he is bound to exhibit prudence, diligence and skill, to exercise good faith and honesty, and to keep his clients' secrets. For failure in any of these particulars, the attorney is liable to his client in damages, under the common law, and there are numerous recorded instances in which suits have been successfully brought in cases of the kind, and damages recovered. But such cases are rare. Lawyers do not often themselves appear in court as parties to suits. The legal web is spread for flies, not for wasps and hornets—or, as the shrewd old observer of Scott's novel remarked, "hawks do not pick out other hawks' eyes."

The question of the charges which are right and just for the services of lawyers has never been settled. Indeed, it would be difficult to do so: for the amount of labor, learning, skill and ability which has been put into a given case, cannot be accurately measured. Eminently skillful men in all professions and callings are entitled to fees commensurate to their skill and ability. Otherwise would Webster or Choate be placed on a par with the merest tyro, or Sir Astley Cooper exercise his marvellous surgical skill for a like fee with a country surgeon. But the buyer and the seller, whether of merchandise or professional skill, have rarely been able to agree. Solomon in his time observed this, when he said "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

But it is observable that there has been of late much complaint by clients of the enormous charges made by a few members of the legal profession—charges which, as compared with those of other professions, and with the actual labor and skill involved, are claimed to be out of all reason. A case of this kind is set down for trial in Belfast, at the approaching October court, and one that will excite much interest on the part of lawyers, of clients who think they have been overtaxed, and the public generally. This is the action brought by W. H. McLellan against Axel Hayford, for professional services in defending the suit in the U. S. Court, against Hayford, by Willson, Tennant & Co., contractors for building the Belfast Branch Railroad. McLellan was associated with Sewall C. Strout, and also with F. S. Nickerson, who came into the case at a late hour. His individual charges amounted to something over $800, in items ranging from eight cents to five hundred dollars. We still think that the bill will be cut down to an amount which the defendant will consider reasonable, and thus settled outside the court. But if it shall be submitted to the judgment of twelve men, under instruction of the court, the case will excite great public interest. If the defendant shall prevail, he will have done a public service in behalf of those who are compelled to appeal to the court for the righting of wrongs, and who go before the tribunal of justice, if they dare go at all, with a haunting fear that they are to be ruined by enormous charges, whether they win or lose their cases. And, on the other hand, should the plaintiff legally establish the right to make and collect such charges, the fact will lend new force to the admonition—"Agree quickly with thine adversary."

At Auburn, last week, Judge Walton passed sentence on three Lewiston roughs convicted of outrage of a woman whom they captured and took to the woods as she was returning from a circus. They thought it only nice pastime, this crime committed upon a poor and friendless woman. They got each five years at hard labor in state prison. All of them are under 25 years of age.

A terrible accident happened on the Old Colony railroad, near Boston, on Tuesday night. The train, carrying 1500 persons, returning from an excursion, jumped the track and went over an embankment, and the cars were piled upon each other. Twenty-five persons were killed, and one hundred wounded.

The Bangor Whig has an interesting account of a visit made by a party, of which the editor was one, to Gen. Tilson at Hurricane Island. A thorough and very gratifying inspection of the works was made, beside some very pleasant excursions in the neighborhood.

Butler's Constituents Demand His Resignation.

Among the buffets which the Massachusetts Greenback candidate for Governor has received, the most significant one is that which occurs in the resolutions of the Republican Convention of his district, held last week. A series of resolutions was reported, opening as follows—

Whereas, General Benjamin F. Butler, when seeking the nomination of the Republicans of the Seventh District as their candidate for Congress, did in a public letter dated Lowell, August 8, 1876, addressed to Charles A. Stott and 2145 others, profess that, whatever his own opinion had been or might be, he acquiesced in the declared policy of the Republican party on the financial question, using the following language:

"As the first act of the Republican administration under General Grant a resolution was passed in March, 1869, enacting that 'the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes.' The same resolution also solemnly pledged the United States to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin. From that hour, whether wisely or unwisely done, this became a solemn contract between the holder of its obligations and the United States, that they should be paid in coin, which was defined to be gold and silver in the same resolution. That pledged faith could not and ought not to be broken.

And again

"Both political parties, by their declarations in their platforms, agreed upon the plan of enforcing a return to specie payments by law. They seem to differ only in the incident of fixing the day by congressional act. I could only bow to the decision of my party organization upon this question, in which I did not agree."

And again

"Clearly, having suffered all the evils attending upon it, or caused by it, the experiment must be tried. Nothing could now be more futile than, after all this suffering and loss, to change our policy, and not to try this financial measure which has been favored by almost every banker and so-called financier in the country, if even only the result be to convince them of their mistake. If it is possible for it to succeed, and if business shall be thereby revived, and the country once more put upon its great career of prosperity and happiness to all its people, may God speed the day of resumption."

And so on through the recital of many other like instances. The resolution then proceeds to declare that Gen. Butler having violated these pledges and betrayed his party—

Therefore, Resolved, That General Benjamin F. Butler, being a repudiator alike of the nation's promises and of his own public pledges by which he induced us to elect him to Congress, being perfidiously recreant to the constituency which braved much obloquy to honor him when he had been dishonored elsewhere, being a declared enemy of the Republican party and the leader of the parties combined against it, is hereby denounced as an unfit Representative of the Seventh District of Massachusetts, and in behalf of the Republican party of that District, by which he was elected, we demand his immediate resignation of his seat in the Forty-fifth Congress.

Resolved, That we warn the people of this Commonwealth whose votes Gen. Butler is now soliciting by promises to serve them faithfully, that his professions when seeking office have been found in our experience to be easily made and as easily repudiated when the time for redeeming them came; that they are neither gold nor good paper, but a kind of fiat currency, having no intrinsic value, cheap, delusive, irredeemable and worthless.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Convention is hereby instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions, with the preamble, to Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, as soon as may be.

The resolutions were adopted amid great applause. And thus placarded, the great repudiator goes before the public.

The Colorado Silver Mines.

A letter from a Belfast man in the new and rich silver mines at Rosita, Colorado, gives some interesting particulars concerning the productiveness of that region in silver. The writer says that the Bassick Mine (owned by E. C. Bassick, formerly of Waldo county) still yields extraordinarily rich ores, and is a mine that for extent and general dimensions is richer than other known discovery of the precious metals. At Silver Cliff, ten miles from the location of his first discovery, Mr. Bassick is reported to have located, jointly with others, a mine as rich as his first find. The peculiarity of these mines is that the ore, in the form of chloride of silver, is found encrusting the boulders, lying loose in the soil, and so near the surface that the grass roots penetrate among them. Mr. L. G. Coombs, of Belfast, has become interested in what promises to be a very rich mine. Mr. Howard, son of Aaron Howard, of Belfast, has also an interest in silver mines that are turning out well. The Dodge Brothers have located mining claims that promise to develop well.

Sch. Don Pedro was last week wrecked at St. John in a strange way, a pile containing a hundred thousand feet of lumber tumbling on her deck. The masts were broken off short, the hull stove in and sunk in fifteen fathoms of water. This is almost as remarkable as the case of the ship General Grant, which drifted into a cave in the Auckland islands, and was wrecked by her masts coming in contact with the rocks overhead. In the case of the Don Pedro the question will probably arise whether lumber insecurely piled is one of the dangers of the seas which the insurance provides against.

The lady who can preside at the organ during an evening service and while continuing the accompaniment with one hand, can with the other extinguish a flame that is just lighting up in the hair of the bass singer, from the gas jet, and not give an alarm, is, by nature, a heroine. [Ellsworth American.

Brave girl, that could thus serve the Lord with one hand, rescue cremating humanity with the other, and not let either hand know what the other is doing. Was the bass singer red headed?

Governor Connor has appointed J. W. Symonds, of Portland, to the vacancy in the Supreme Court, occasioned by the death of Judge Dickerson. Judge Symonds was formerly Judge of the Supreme Court for Cumberland County.

They are signing petitions in Maine asking the State of Vermont not to hang Phair, the Rutland murderer. Suppose we get up some petitions here asking Maine to hang *her* murderers, would that be considered polite? [Boston Herald.

The poetry entitled The Faith of Love, and signed Carlyle M. S., which the Dover Observer publishes, was written a good many years ago, by Mrs. Hemans. There is neither faith nor love in plagiarism.

Ex-Gov. Dingley, editor of the Lewiston Journal, has just sailed for Europe, where he will remain for some months. We shall expect to read some interesting letters from his pen.

In view of the disturbed condition of affairs in New Mexico, the President has issued his proclamation, warning all citizens against taking part in any insurgent acts.

At the September term of the Superior Court for Cumberland county, at Portland, 26 persons were sent to jail for selling liquor, four of them being women.

A foolish rumor comes from New York that an attempt is to be made to capture the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and hold them as hostages until England lets go her hold on the ever green isle.

A man who went aboard the City of Chester drunk at Birkenhead eleven days ago, was found by the stevedores in her hold at New York, Friday, wasted to a skeleton, and just alive. He had had no food with him.

Edward Dilworth, a sailor, who has been stopping for some time at the boarding house of Mr. McDonald, No. 348 Commercial street, Boston, was seized with a fit of vomiting at about 6 o'clock Saturday evening, during which he ruptured a blood vessel and died in twenty minutes. His home was in Machias.

This autumn weather is just lovely.

Husking parties are now among the rural attractions.

The trees are brilliant with all the dying glory of October tints.

The flowers were received, but the box was terribly demoralized.

The birds now gather in flocks, preparatory to their southern flight.

If you hold a gallon of cider, you can fill your jug up now for ten cents.

Sharpers are swindling farmers by selling the right right for a machine for pruning trees.

The good old Farmer's Almanac is sent to us by the publishers, Masters & Livermore, Hallowell.

Lecture at the North Church next Sunday evening. Subject: "Spiritual Influences." Holy Spirit.

This is the season to change your Sunday dinners from baked beans to oysters—if you can afford it.

Mrs. W. H. Burrill, of Belfast, has been elected Vice President for Waldo county of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

A small boy, on his way from an evening entertainment, struck a skunk that ran across his path, and carried consternation into the household with his arrival.

A few bales of the new hay crop have come into market and sell for $10 and $12 per ton. Wm. Pitcher & Son are loading the sch. Detta with hay for Brunswick.

A company of about fifty persons indulged in an excursion and clam bake at Ryder's Cove, Isleboro, on Sunday last. The steamer May Queen was the party over.

SEARSPORT TIME. The Sanford steamers will hereafter leave Boston at 5 o'clock instead of 5. The City of Richmond has changed her time of leaving Bangor from 6 o'clock to 7.

Our city editor has not been gunning, as the Rockland Courier infers. It he does go, his hunting ground will probably be Rockland, and we expect he will return with his game bag Fuller than usual.

A crazy Indian, without a tent, sleeps upon the ground near the Sanford wharf, with a blanket and starry canopy of heaven for a covering. He has passed through the showers of Tuesday morning, and seems to enjoy it.

One of our city lawyers recently left a card upon his office door stating that he was "At the jail." He was much surprised to find on his return that a joker had changed the words so that the card read "In the jail."

Some weeks since the death of Mr. George Gammon of San Francisco was prematurely announced. A letter has been received stating that Mr. Gammon died October 2nd, and that his remains will be brought to this city for interment.

Eugene McDonald, Ed. J. Morison and Charles Hazeltine have been for a week at lake Naskatonga, in the extreme northern part of Hancock county, on a sporting expedition. Mr. Critchett, the Belfast shoe factory, with a party, will visit the same region for a similar purpose.

A lady residing on Church street was terribly disappointed Monday last week. She had invited friends to a dinner of roast lamb. Returning from the kitchen after an absence of a few minutes, she discovered a dog making his exit from the kitchen door with the leg of lamb in his mouth. We haven't the types with which to express that woman's feelings.

On Tuesday, William Crockett, of the east side, took a seal weighing 100 pounds, that he saw lying on a rock. The seal rolled off and sunk in twelve feet of water, but the bubbles and blood floating upon the surface marked his location. Having no other means of getting his game Crockett stripped, dove to the bottom, brought the animal to the surface and secured it. Seals may be frequently killed on our shores, but the men who can secure them in this way are few.

PERSONAL. Mr. T. J. Hobbs, who has recently been the guest of C. B. Hazeltine, returned to his home in Boston last week.....Mr. Edward Johnson and family have gone to Boston, where they will reside hereafter.....John W. White and family have returned to their home in Elmira, N. Y., accompanied by Hon. James P. White, and Miss Frances White, who will remain for a short time at Elmira.....Capt. Horace W. Brackett and family are about to migrate to Boston.

Several of our Maine contemporaries have recently published as a news item the will of the late R. Hazeltine, which originally appeared in the Journal last winter. The item in its travels beyond the State has undergone various transformations, appearing finally as a column of religious intelligence in the New York Sun as follows:

"R. Hazeltine of Belfast, Me., was a Unitarian. In his will was found bequests of $1,000 to each of the Methodist churches of the place."

The proprietor of the lands bordering upon Alto street, the new thoroughfare recently opened opposite Grove cemetery, has an unusual method of disposing of his lands. He takes his pay in small monthly instalments. A lot that he asks $140 for, he places the instalment at $2 per month, thus giving the purchaser seventy months in which to pay for the land. If a person has the money to pay down, a liberal discount is made. Nearly all the lots on the street have been disposed of in this manner.

THE MONROE FAIR. The Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society held their annual show and fair at Monroe Oct. 1st and 2d. The weather was all that could be desired. The neat stock was the largest show of the kind ever exhibited there. The horse show was also large. The various departments were fairly represented. The show closed on the afternoon of the last day by the usual horse race, which was quite interesting to the extremely large collection of people. In the three minute race, the first money was taken by May Flower, in three straight heats, second by Danger, and third by Gem Lightfoot. Time, 2.43, 2.45, 2.46½. In the 2.30 race, Noel B. took the first money in three straight heats. McClellan second, and lone third. Time, 2.14, 2.10, 2.25. The free for all was the principal feature of the day, and was won by Anodyne in three straight heats, with Plymouth Rock second, and Camors third. Time, 2.31, 2.31, 2.29. A large number of those in attendance, remained after the day's exercises, and attended a ball at the town hall.

A NAVAL VETERAN. On Monday morning there was heard on the stairs leading to the Journal office the tread of an old or infirm person. Presently the door opened and a man dressed in half military and half civilian costume, bearing the marks of travel, entered and inquired for the local editor calling him by name. The person addressed answered when the stranger eyeing him sharply asked—"Were you on board the U. S. ship Ethan Allen during the war?" We answered in the affirmative, and took the outstretched hand of Dick Rawley, a veteran of the English and American navies, as good a shot as ever pulled the lanyard of a broadside gun. Dick is now an inmate of the sailors and soldiers' home at Togus, near Augusta, and had walked across the country to obtain the signature of the writer of this paragraph to an affidavit in a pension matter. We were shipmates with Dick on the Ethan Allen in 1863-4. Persons may be bound to one another by social and business ties; but there are few so strong as those knit together by the stern realities of war. The friendships made about the camp-fire and mess cloth are not easily obliterated from memory. We will relate one reminiscence which the presence of this man brings to the surface. It was in the spring of 1864, and the Ethan Allen was blockading Murrill's Inlet, twenty miles to the north of Georgetown, S. C. The woods were full of guerillas, and it was extremely dangerous to go on shore. One day the first and second cutters, with twenty men and two officers, were sent on shore for no other reason than to satisfy the whims of an eccentric commander. A sailor on the land is out of his element, and does not understand the tactics of land fighting. When the sailors were well into the woods they were surprised by a band of eighty mounted bush whackers, who with yells and drawn sabers bore down on the little party. It was a run for life, and the men tumbled into the boats without ceremony. The second cutter, of which our friend Rawley was coxswain, had some difficulty in getting away, and the advance guard of the enemy was upon them. The first volley sent a bullet through the body of the stroke oarsman, Edgar Robbins, of Union, and he fell bleeding to the bottom of the boat. The crew were frightened, and wanted to haul down the flag. Rawley, with more fire in his eye than he displayed to-day, grabbed the tiller of the boat and threatened to knock down the first man who should attempt to strike the colors. Through a storm of bullets the boat escaped. A few well directed shells from the ship's broadside guns dispersed the enemy. In August of that year, Rawley, while furling sail in a squall, off Port Royal, fell from the main to gallant yard, and was crippled for life. Rawley is a native of St. George.

Complaint is made that velocipedes frighten horses.

A son, four years old, of Asa Southworth, while playing with a hay cutter, inflicted a severe gash on his wrist.

Sch. Florence M. Tower, Capt. Marion Drinkwater, of Lincolnville, lime loaded from Rockport for New York, put back into Camden last week, with her cargo on fire. She has, probably, been scuttled.

D. H. Ingraham, Esq., of Portland, was in our city on Monday. Mr. Ingraham is Democratic member elect of the Legislature, and was interviewing the brethren generally, regarding the prospect of the Legislative organization, &c.

On Tuesday, as H. H. Carter was walking up Primrose Hill, a horse running away with a wagon came rushing down toward him. He caught the dragging reins as the animal passed, which turned him short, and the wagon was overturned, falling upon Mr. Carter. He was not badly hurt, although a good deal astonished.

Fred Baker, for assaulting Riley Kittredge, was before the municipal court on Monday. The facts are substantially as stated last week. The Judge thinking that as Baker was drunk he did not intend robbery, but merely to annoy Kittredge, gave the accused ten days in jail. Lafayette Baker, for resisting the officer who made the arrest, gave bonds in the sum of $50 for his appearance at the October term of the S. J. Court.

CITY GOVERNMENT MEETING. But little of interest was done at the October meeting of the city government on Monday evening. Winslow Ellis, S. G. Bicknell, D. R. Maddocks and Geo. B. Ferguson were drawn as traverse jurors. Lemuel Colley and Fred A. Carle as grand jurors. Hiram E. Ellis resigned as highway surveyor of district No. 10, and Joseph H. Kaler was elected in his stead. Ellis & Gunn and J. C. Robbins who petitioned for the privilege of building bay scales in front of the establishment of each, had leave to withdraw.

The tax collector was ordered to make a monthly exhibit to the city government, of all taxes collected.

OUR ADVERTISERS. As the autumn trade opens our local dealers resort to the columns of the Journal with the attractions of their new stocks. The old and reliable firm of H. H. Johnson & Co. comes forward with the announcement of a fine fall and winter stock of dry goods, millinery, and all that comprises their large and varied trade. Mrs. Richards & Miss Southworth, now in their new and commodious rooms, announce a new stock of millinery goods, fresh from Boston. Ferguson & Rackliffe, at their elegant store in Masonic Temple, have a fine new stock of fall millinery and fancy goods—At this season of coming inclemency, the feet need particular care. Dunsmore & Son call attention to their fine large stock of boots and shoes, at the lowest cash prices. They have a large trade.

Sch. Lizzie M. Stewart, Capt. Perkins, of Boston, with 1900 bushels of corn, for Bangor parties, went ashore in the fog of Wednesday morning of last week, on Grindle's Point, Islesboro. The vessel hilged and filled with water on the next flood tide, and a considerable portion of the cargo ran out of the hatchway. Light barrels from this city were procured for the purpose of raising her, and on Sunday evening the steamer May Queen went down to haul her off. Before the arrival of the steamer the vessel was floated by the aid of the inhabitants of the town. The vessel was towed to this port, the cargo discharged, and she is now on Dyer's railways for repairs. The schooner is badly twisted, fore foot broken off, and injured, probably, $400. The cargo, we understand, is insured. That brought to this city sold for twenty-five cents per bushel.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY. The repeal of the general bankrupt law brings into force the Insolvency Act passed by the legislature of last winter. The Judge and Register of Probate have jurisdiction in all such matters in their respective counties, and the sheriff or his deputies act as messengers. Judge Hersey has appointed the fourth Tuesday of each month for the sessions of such court for Waldo county. The fourteenth section of the act explains the procedure, as follows—

If it appears to the satisfaction of the judge that the debts due from the applicant amount to not less than three hundred dollars, he shall forthwith issue a warrant under his hand, to the sheriff of the county or either of his deputies, directing him forthwith as messenger to take possession of all the estate, real and personal, of the debtor, except such as may be by law exempt from attachment, and of all his deeds, books of account and papers, and keep the same safe until the election or appointment of an assignee; to publish notice in such newspapers as the warrant specifies, and give such other notice as the judge shall direct, to all creditors upon the schedule furnished him by the debtor, which notice shall state—First. That a warrant has issued against the estate of the debtor. Second. That the payment of the debts, the delivery or transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law. Third. That a meeting of the creditors of the debtor, to prove the debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a court of insolvency to be holden at a time and place designated in the warrant, not less than ten nor more than thirty days after the issuing of the same.

A SPECIAL JURY CASE. The claim of H. N. Lancaster against the city of Belfast, for an increase of damages for land taken in straightening High street, came before a special court and jury on Wednesday. It is one of those cases in which under the statute, the county commissioners order a special court. Hon. Edmund F. Webb, of Waterville, is the presiding officer. City solicitor Thompson and Joseph Williamson, Esq., appear for the city, and W. H. Fogler and W. H. McLellan, Esqs., for the plaintiff. Deputy sheriff Black, of Searsport, impanelled a jury as follows—Frank A. Colcord, D. S. Goodwin, Reuben Dyer, Geo. F. Mathews, 2d, and Franklin Webber, of Searsport; Zetham F. Berry, True Green, and William W. Small, of Stockton, Freeman J. Watts, James H. Littlefield, James H. Pierce and S. S. Prevett, of Prospect. Mr. Williamson, for the city, raised objections to the manner in which the warrants were served, which was done through a deputy without the special authority of the sheriff, and claimed that it should have been done by the sheriff himself. Mr. Fogler argued that it required that it be done by a proper officer, and a deputy sheriff is a proper officer. The presiding Justice ruled that whatever the sheriff could do in the premises the deputy could legally do, and that he was a proper officer to serve the warrants. The trial then proceeded and had not closed when the Journal was put to press.

MONTVILLE. The annual town fair was held at Centre Montville, on Wednesday the 2d inst. The day was fine, and the display of stock, vegetables and fruit, was equally as fine as the day. Early in the forenoon the highways leading to the fair ground, were lined with stock and teams loaded with something to exhibit. And long before noon it seemed that every available place for hitching horses, for a long way, was occupied. Nearly 800 head of cattle were on exhibition, and a fine display of colts. The vegetables were large and of excellent quality; the corn had also large, long ears, and well filled. F. A. Gray showed a sample of corn, which he says will yield him 100 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. He has one acre and seventeen rods, which was planted in 20 rows of equal length. Mr. Gray selected the first, tenth, and twentieth rows, and husked from the three rows thirty-four baskets of ears, which would give him from the 20 rows 226½ baskets. He says his basket holds five pecks, which allowing for shrinkage, would give him full 100 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. In the fruit department the entries were numerous; nice large apples and pears were on exhibition in large quantities and varieties; also grapes, jellies, canned fruit, butter, &c. Then the quilts, rugs, carpets, yarn, wreaths, mottoes, tidies, card work and numerous other things, of which nothing but woman's patience would ever think of constructing, were displayed in fine style. And on the whole it was satisfactory to all concerned.

PALERMO. Mrs. Abigail Whittier, over ninety years old, lived alone in the house with her unmarried son. In the morning Daniel went, as was his weekly practice, into the pasture to salt his sheep. On his return, after an absence of not over an hour, he heard the screams of his mother, who met him with the exclamation "O, Daniel, I have burned myself all up!" It seems that in going to an open fire place, her clothes caught fire, and were burned entirely off. Only an apron, wet and burned, with which she probably fought off the flames, and a few charred fragments of cotton cloth, can be found. Her body was burned to a crisp, from her boots to her neck, but her face was not disfigured in the least. Her hair was burned all off, and her body burned so that the flesh fell in many places. Seeing her frightful condition, Daniel ran to the nearest house for assistance, and when it arrived she had got on another dress, and swept up the burned shreds, putting water on the floor to extinguish the fire that had burned into the boards. A physician was at once summoned, who dressed the burns, and administered morphine, but she suffered the most excruciating pain. At 2 o'clock P. M. she sank into a doze from which she did not revive. Mrs. Whittier was the widow of the late Major Reuben Whittier, and the last but one of the children of Deacon Andrews, of China.

With the beautiful autumn weather and the engrossing horse trot, our streets were very lively last Saturday.

ISLESBORO. Parties are making extensive preparations to cut ice this winter. They have cleared out the Meadow pond, built a dam, and are going to build a sluice way to the shore.....A child of Capt. Alvin Warren, got a beech nut burr in its nose. A Belfast doctor gave it ether and removed the burr.....Apples are very plenty; potatoes rot badly, some fields are entirely worthless.

SEARSPORT. The little son of Mrs. Fannie Carter, of this place, while playing in the street, Saturday afternoon, was run over by a horse and carriage, and considerably hurt. The horse stepped on the child's head, cutting it somewhat, and he received some other injuries.....Captain R. E. Patterson was coming from the fair at Monroe, Wednesday, his horse trotting at full speed, when a cow crossed the road just in season to come in contact with the horse. The breast of the horse struck the cow, knocked her down, the carriage passed over her without capsizing. It was a very narrow escape from serious disaster. Capt. J. C. Nickel was in the carriage with Capt. Patterson.....Mr. Mathews, who is in Boston, telegraphs that his fine horse, "Young Buchanan," has been sold for the sum of $3,000.....The McGilvery estate having been settled, Mr. William L. Buck, one of the administrators, left Thursday for his home in the South.....Deputy Sheriff Black has shown us a very fine specimen of meteoric stone, which fell in the woods just back of this village, in falling the stone cut the top from a large pine tree. It is supposed this came from the same shower of meteors the bright light of which was seen Saturday evening, 28th ult., as mentioned in the Journal. [There are doubts about the stone being meteoric. A Belfast gentleman, who is posted on the subject, and has seen a piece of the stone, says it has not the characteristics of one of meteoric origin, which are always unmistakable. EDITOR JOURNAL.]

The October Elections.

The New York Times says—In Ohio the returns thus far received show large Republican gains, and render it certain that the Republican State ticket is elected by 8,000 to 10,000 majority.

The Republicans have undoubtedly elected 11 and probably 12 of the 20 Congressmen, and as the Democrats had gerrymandered the State with the intention of allowing but six, this may be considered equivalent to a gain of at least four.

Hon. Eugene Hale, who has taken part in the Ohio canvass, telegraphs as follows to the Bangor Whig—

COLUMBUS, Oct. 8th. The Republicans carry ten, and probably twelve, of the Congressional Districts. The gains, if kept up, will elect the Republican State ticket by five thousand majority. The Greenback strength is small. It is a great victory for Honest Money. EUGENE HALE.

THE RESULT IN INDIANA.

Indiana has gone Democratic on the State ticket by about the same majority as in 1876. The Indiana Congressional delegation will probably stand 6 Republicans, 5 Democrats and two districts in doubt.

LARGE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN IOWA.

From Iowa the largest vote ever polled is reported, and the Republican majority is large.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Two Democratic Congressmen have been elected in West Virginia, but in the third district the contest between the Democrat and Greenback candidates is not decided by the present returns.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK, Oct. 6. In the Newark city election the Republicans carry the city by 2700 majority over the Democrats.

LATEST.

PORTLAND, Oct. 9, 4 p. m.

OHIO. Private despatches received from Hon. Eugene Hale, confirm his previous ones, and say that from eleven to twelve Republicans are certainly elected to Congress in Ohio, and that the issue was squarely and solely on the currency. The result is a decided honest money victory.

INDIANA. So far as heard from, four Republican and two Democratic Congressmen are elected. The rest are still in doubt.

IOWA. The Republicans claim 30,000 majority and the entire Congressional delegation. Democrats concede the state, but claim the 6th and 7th Congressional districts.

From Maine to California.

To-day while officer Sauer, of the Southern District, was standing on Light street, he was approached by a man who, by his haggard and poverty-stricken appearance caused every one who passed by to turn and take a second look at him.

The man gave his name as John G. Gould, his place of nativity as Kennebec, Maine. His age, he said, was eighty-seven, but, judging from his long flowing beard and general appearance, he appeared even older than that. His clothes were tattered and torn and almost ready to drop from his body, while his feet were covered by a pair of shoes which had to be strapped together to prevent them from falling from his feet.

He had traveled all over the country, so he told the officer, but recently had been farming in his native State. He was unable to make a living there, however, and had determined to make his way to California, in which State the greater part of his kinsmen are now living. He was without money and nearly starved when met by the officer, but as he had walked from Kennebec to Baltimore the old man felt confident that he could succeed in reaching his destination on the Pacific coast. He was given a berth on one of the canal boats, and left this city yesterday morning in the direction of the setting sun. [Baltimore Bulletin Oct. 3d.

A Wholesale Murderess.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 4. The coroner's jury has rendered a verdict that Frank Weinbecker, whose dead body was found in a barrel, was killed by chloroform, administered by Frank E. Bassett or Mrs. Alexander, or both. It is the general opinion that the discovery of this horrible crime is only a step toward the unearthing of others committed by Mrs. Alexander, against whom, rather than against Bassett, public sentiment is expressed. It is believed that, when she said Weinbecker was killed May 10th, when, in fact, the date was July 12th, she had confused the date of another murder with that of his. A young man, who was intimate with her about that time, is said to have mysteriously disappeared, and it is rumored that she committed another murder while keeping a Bridgeport house of ill-fame. Letters have been found showing that she had two husbands before she ensnared the one who gave her the name of Alexander. In 1872 she was living in East Houston street, New York, as Lena E. Coyne, and was employed at Harry Hill's. Among her effects is the outfit of a fortune teller and astrologer.

Stabbed in a Church.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6. The worshippers at 8 o'clock mass this morning in St. Francis Xavieres Church, in West Sixteenth Street, were startled by seeing a man approach a woman in one of the centre pews and plunge a large knife into her body without a moment's warning. The would-be assassin fled, followed by about a hundred of the congregation, and was at length arrested, the woman meanwhile being taken to the hospital and found to be suffering from a severe cut in the abdomen. Her name is Mary Logan and she is employed as a laundress in the Hoffman House. The prisoner's name is John Carpenter, aged 33, and he lives at the corner of Grand and Clinton streets. He has been separated from his wife for some time past, and went to the church this morning, knowing her to be an attendant there, intending to kill her. Being half drunk, he mistook Mrs. Logan for his wife, and plunged the knife into her. He was committed to await the result of the woman's injuries.

The Chicago Evening Journal says editorially that many of the national banks throughout the country are changing or preparing to change, from national banks of issue to private banks and under state charter. This has just been done by the Traders' National Bank of Chicago and the First National Bank of Sparta, Wis., which have publicly announced the change of base. When a national bank adopts this course it calls in and redeems its circulating notes by depositing the necessary amount of legal tender with the Secretary of the Treasury. The effect is a contraction of the currency. The reason given by the Sparta Bank for the exchange is the unfriendly feeling of partisans toward national banks. The reason given by the Traders' National Bank is that taxes are so great that it is no longer profitable to do business as a national bank.

Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summer resorts, and but for the eruption it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the eruption that makes the face unsightly, and betrays the presence of scrofula, virulent blood poisons, or general debility. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative, and resolvent. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impoverished or impure blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

EVERY YOUNG MAN should procure a copy of the medical work entitled "The Science of Life, or Self Preservation," published by the famous "Peabody Institute," Boston. This book will teach the young how to avoid dangerous diseases, and from it the middle-aged and those more advanced in life may attain to a restoration of a prostrated system to active health. Read the advertisement in another column.

A physician who had suffered long and had given up all hope of recovery, but was restored to perfect health by Syrup of Cedron, says, sure is Syrup of Cedron will cure diseased lungs, throat and chest, and the memory of the discoverer of Cedron should be wreathed in the temple of immortality with the homage of a redeemed humanity.

It is Worth a Trial.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin, I was dull and inactive, could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt I will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial. (Father.)"

Dr. John Homer

May be consulted at the American House, on Saturday the 12th instant, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. N. B. Persons indebted are requested to call and settle up.

Belfast, Oct. 7, 1878.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

Anticipate and prevent sickness with SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER.

Do it at Once!

If a tithe of the testimonials now on hand of the value of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY should be published, no one would stop to read the bulky volume. Ask any druggist and he will tell you that this BALSAM is a real blessing to all affected with throat or lung diseases. All kindred affections, including Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, Pain in the Chest, and Bleeding of the Lungs, yield to its wonderful power. We advise any one tired of experimenting with physicians' prescriptions of quack medicines to drop them at once and use the BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Personal.

J. J. Pike & Co., of Chelsea, Mass., are accused of keeping awake at night to study out advertisements. Here is a specimen. The safest way to go down stairs is "head over heels," while "heels over head," is the more dangerous. But for the cure of Salt Rheum, Sore Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Piles, Corns, Ingrowing Nails, Bunions, &c., PIKE'S OINTMENT, SALT RHEUM SALVE, is as sure as gravitation, and perfectly safe. For sale in Belfast only by W. O. Poor & Son. 3w41

Don't be Deceived.

Many persons say "I haven't got the Consumption" when asked to cure their Cough with Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Do they not know that Coughs lead to Consumption and a remedy that will cure Consumption will certainly and surely cure a cough or any lung or throat trouble. We know it and we tell you and others fail and our faith in it is so positive that we will refund the price paid if you receive no benefit. Is not this a fair proposition. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle. For lame Chest, Back or Side, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts.

Why will you suffer with Dyspepsia and liver complaint Constipation and general debility when you can get at our store Shiloh's System Vitalizer which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure you. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts.

"HACKMETACK" a popular and fragrant perfume

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal

BY C. H. SARGENT, No. 8 Main Street.

Produce Market.	Prices paid Producers.		
Apples, bush,	20a40	Hay, ton,	$9.00a12.00
" dried per lb	7a8	Hides per lb	4½2a5
Beans pea, bush	$1.75a1.85	Lamb per lb	5a6
" Medium	$1.60a1.70	Lamb Skins	70a90
" Yellow Eyes	2.00a2.10	Mutton per lb	5a6
Butter per lb	18a18	Oats per bush,	30
Beef per lb	7a8	Potatoes,	50a55
Barley per bush	65a70	Round Hog per lb	5a6
Cheese per lb	8a9	Straw per ton	$6.00a7.00
Chicken per lb	12a14	Turkey per lb	16a20
Calf Skins per lb	8	Veal per lb	5a6
Duck per lb	6a0	Wool washed per lb	32
Eggs per doz	18a19	Wool unwashed per lb	24
Flour per lb	9a12	Wood hard	$7.50a8.00
Geese per lb	9a0	Wood soft	$7.50a8.00

Retail Market.			
Beef Corned per lb	9a10	Lime per bbl	80
Butter Salt per box	20a22	Onions per lb	2½a3
Corn per bush	57a60	Oil Kerosene per gal.	20
Corn Meal per bush	56a60	Pollock per lb	2a2½
Cheese per lb	11a12	Pork Backs per lb	9a0
Codfish, dry, per lb.	3a0	Plaster per bbl	$1.00
Cranberries per qt	8	Rye Meal per lb	3
Clover Seed,	10a28	Shorts per ct	$1.15
Flour per bbl.	$5.00a9.50	Sugar per lb	8½a10
Hen Seed per bu.	1.75	Salt, T. I. per bush	70
Lard per lb	10a12	S. Potatoes, per lb,	3a4
Wheat Meal	4a5		

BOSTON MARKET.

MONDAY, Oct. 7.

BUTTER—We quote fine dairies of Vermont butter at 20a23c; choice New York at 20a22c; common to fair at 12a16c; freshly made Western dairies at 15a17c; ladle packed at 12a16c; store packed at 7a9c; creameries at 20a27c per lb for fair to choice freshly made.

CHEESE—We quote September cheese at 9a9½c; early made cheese at 7a8c; good cheese at 6½a7c, and common to fair at 5a6c per lb.

EGGS—The market is firm at 19½a20c for East ern. Northern sell at 19a19½c per doz.

BEANS—Pea beans have sold at $1.95a2.00 per bush for prime lots, and Mediums have been in good demand at $1.60a1.65 per bush. There is a limited inquiry for Yellow eyes at $2.15a2.25 per bush.

APPLES—No. 1 winter Apples are selling at $1.25 per bbl. Sackle Pears range in price from $4a6 per bbl, and other varieties sell from $5a8.

POTATOES—There is a steady market for Rose and Prolific Potatoes at 50a55c per bush.

HAY AND STRAW—We quote choice new hay at $16a18 per ton for coarse and fancy; $15a16 for medium, and $13a14 per ton for fine. Straw at $11a12 per ton.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2.

Amount of stock at market—Cattle 3500; Sheep and Lambs 2400; Swine 486; number Western Cattle 2720; Eastern Cattle 582; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 288.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $5.50a5.75, first quality $5a5.37½; second quality $4.25a4.87½, third quality $3.75a4.12½; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3.25a3.62½.

Brighton Hides 6½c per lb; Brighton Tallow 5½a5½c per lb. Country Hides 5½c per lb; Country Tallow 4½a4½c per lb. Calf skins 10c per lb. Sheep and Lamb Skins 75a90c each.

Working Oxen—For the week there has been a larger supply of Working Oxen in market than the trade required and sales were slow. We quote sales of 4 prs Steers, 6 ft 8 in, for $880; 1 pr girth 6 ft, $70; 1 pr, girth 6 ft 6 in L. W. 2000 lbs, $95; 1 pr, girth 6 ft 2 in, L. W. 2200 lbs, $80.

Milch Cows—Extra $45a70; ordinary $20a40 per head. Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Trade for common grades has been dull of late. Good cows usually sell well at fair prices.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $7a13; 2 year olds, $15a25; 3 year olds, $25a35 per head. There was large supply Store Cattle offered in market for sale, most of the small cattle being bought to slaughter.

Swine—Fat Hogs 8c; prices 5½a6½c per lb, live weight.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York.* 1y17

THE GENUINE

FAHNESTOCK WHITE LEAD

Manufactured only by the **Fahnestock White Lead Company**, PITTSBURG, PA.

J. H. BAKER, No. 24 India Street, Boston, 6m10 AGENT FOR NEW ENGLAND.

MARRIED.

In this city, at the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 9th, Mr. John E. Craig and Miss Mary Blanche Sanborn, both of Belfast.

In Freedom, Sept. 19th, by Stephen Tilton, Esq., Mr. John McDonald and Miss Emmagene Bangs, both of Freedom.

In Liberty, Sept. 29th, by Alvah Sherman, Esq., Mr. Wm. M. Biscoe of Augusta, and Miss Mary E. Cain of Montville.

In Rockland, Oct. 1st, Mr. Charles Boyd and Miss Blanche C. Knowlton, both of Rockland.

In Rockland, Oct. 2d, Dr. F. E. Hitchcock and Miss Emily W., only daughter of John S. Chase, Esq., both of Rockland.

In Rockport, Sept. 26th, Mr. Frank G. Merriam of Boston and Miss Helen Maria Small of Rockport.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 26th, Mr. Charles C. Greenleaf of Stark, and Miss Sybil A. D. Smith of Hancock.

DIED.

(Nothing beyond the announcement of the name, age, residence, &c., of deceased persons will be published under this heading.)

In this city, Sept. 17th, Minnie V. Patterson, only daughter of Amasa T. and Ann G. Patterson, aged 19 years.

In Castine, Oct. 4th, Dea. Samuel Adams, aged 88 years and 7 months.

In Searsport, Oct. 4th, Mrs. Lucy Sweetser, aged 79 years. Oct. 7th, Mr. Abner Sawyer, father of Judge Emery Sawyer, aged 83 years.

In Winterport, Oct. 6th, Capt. Charles Bolan, aged 78 years.

In Lincolnville, Sept. 26th, Mr. Wm. Hall, aged 65 yrs., 8 mos. and 10 days. Sept. 30th, Randal French.

In Rockland, Sept. 28th, Fardy Kennedy, aged 64 years. Oct. 1st, Peleg Thomas, aged about 64 years.

In Thomaston, Sept. 29th, Sarah Frances, youngest daughter of Capt. Ephraim Jordon, aged 18 years.

In South Thomaston, Sept. 29th, Dudley Philbrook, aged 57 years.

In Ellsworth, Sept. 29th, Mrs. M. J. Essington, aged 58 years, 3 months, and 11 days.

In Castine, Sept. 12th, Otis Little, Esq., in the 78th year of his age.

In Bar Harbor, Aug. 14th, Miss Priscilla Higgins, aged 80 years and 14 days.

In Bluehill, Sept. 16th, Bentley W. Ober, aged 27 years and 4 months.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 3d, schs. James W. Brown, Patterson, Bangor. Abby Gale, Darby, Hingham.

Oct. 4th, schs. Mary Farrow, Warren, Boston; Jachin, Gilkey, do.

Oct. 6th, schr. Nathan Clifford, Pressey, Bangor.

" 7th, schs. Empire, Ryan, Boston; Grand Island, French, Hoboken; Alice Dean, Hatch, Pembrook; Louisa Francis, Thorndike, Portland; Daniel Yorke, (with plaster rock.

Oct. 9th, schs. Onward, Baker, Bangor; Speedwell, Whitten, New York.

SAILED.

Oct. 4th, schrs. Lillian, Ryan, Boston; A. W. Ellis Ferguson, New York; James W. Brown, Patterson, Georgetown.

Oct. 5th, schr. Wm. Stevens, Carter, Salem.

" 7th, schr. Abby Gale, Darby, Bangor.

" 9th, schr. Alice Dean, Hatch, Portland.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

"ROYAL" has a larger sale than all other baking powders combined—because of its unquestioned Purity, Uniform Strength, Healthfulness and Efficacy. Prepared from GRAPE CREAM TARTAR imported expressly for this peerless powder direct from the Wine district of France—it has received the indorsement and recommendation of the New York Board of Health, and of eminent physicians and scientific men everywhere. No family having once used the Royal Baking Powder will ever be without it.

Sold only in tin cans by grocers.

☞ The finest preparation in the world. Consumers should observe that it's perfect purity and strength not only insures success in baking, but makes it go one-third further than adulterated or short weight kinds. It will keep any length of time in any climate. 35y30

Millinery Opening!

Mrs. Richards and Miss Southworth

Just returned from BOSTON, Invite the ladies of BELFAST and vicinity to an Opening of

Trimmed Hats, Bonnets,

AND

Millinery Goods!

IN GENERAL.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, October 15th and 16th.

AT THEIR NEW ROOMS

13 Main St., over J. S. Caldwell's Bookstore. 1w41

New Fall Millinery!

AT

Ferguson & Rackliffe's,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies of Belfast and vicinity to our stock of NEW

Fall Millinery & Fancy Goods!

Miss E. has lately returned from Boston where she spent a week in visiting the Openings and looking up novelties of all kinds, and we feel confident we have the large stand most desirable stock of

Straw & Felt Bonnets, & Hats, Ribbons,

Flowers, Feathers, Plushes & Velvets,

To be found in the city.

We would especially call attention to our assortment of

Two-Toned Ribbons, Fancy Plushes AND TRIMMING VELVETS.

Also to our Stock of

FANCY GOODS!

Which consists of Worsteds, Yarns and Canvas of all kinds, Embroidery Silks, Linen and Silk Floss, Gloves, Laces, &c., &c.

We have a new lot of 3 and 4 button kid Gloves in Opera and dark colors, found at no other place in the city.

Our Opening of trimmed Bonnets and Hats will not take place until the last of the month, of which further notice will be given.

N. B. We are Agts. for the BANGOR DYE HOUSE, and warrant satisfaction. 41tf

Fall AND Winter Opening

OF

MILLINERY GOODS

AT

H. H. JOHNSON & CO.

Have just purchased an entire new Stock of the

Latest Novelties!

IN ALL VARIETIES.

Those wishing to purchase Millinery Goods at the

Lowest Prices!

Are invited to call and examine our Stock.

41tf

Maine Central Time-table.

Winter Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Oct. 7, trains will run as follows: Leave Belfast at 8.35 a.m., City Point 8.40, Waldo 8.54, Brooks 9.10, Knox 9.25, Thorndike 9.40, Unity, 9.55, Leonard's Crossing 10.04, arriving at Burnham at 10.15 a.m.

Leave Belfast at 3.00 p.m., City Point 3.07, Waldo 3.20, Brooks, 3.37, Knox 3.52, Thorndike 4.07, Unity 4.23, Leonard's Crossing 4.33, arriving at Burnham at 4.45 p.m.

Returning—Leave Burnham at 11.00 a.m., Leonard's Crossing 11.12, Unity 11.30, Thorndike, 11.43, Knox 11.53, Brooks,

Rhymes for the Laboring Man.

BY F. W. LOCKE.

I've a few words to say to the laboring man.
And I'll make them as few and as plain as I can;
For a brother in toil I have been 50 years,
And what little I've learned I would give to my peers.

There's a restless condition in workshop and mill;
There is sullen eye service and lack of good will;
There are plenty to work, if a job strikes them right,
But they're readier far their employer to fight.

In the quarries and mines there are mutterings deep;
There are passwords and grips and dread secrets to keep;
But they all have one purpose, by threats to coerce
The employer who adds them by foresight and purse.

Who have tunnelled the mountains and opened the mines,
And set millions to work on the shafts and inclines?
Who've made roads to the prairies, and cheap homes for all,
And brought city and farm within neighborly call?

Who have seized steam and lightning, as well as the streams,
And compelled them to serve us like disciplined teams
Who have bridged the broad oceans, and girdled the earth
With a pulsating nerve and a thought-speaking girth?

Just the men whom the rabble select for abuse,
Have converted the forces of nature to use;
And though often maligned, as if heathen or Turk,
Are the toilers best friends, for they find him in work.

Have the men who have wealth never helped you a dime?—
Never added a comfort or a day of pastime?
Have they brought you no dainties, from countries afar,
In the swift gliding ship or the wind-vying car?

Think of coffees and spices and long lists of teas,
And the fruits of all climates your palate to please,
And a thousand cheap luxuries, brought to your door,
By the merchant with money, who trades to make more.

If you're helpful to him, he is helpful to you,
And your fellowship ought to be loyally true
It is likely that less than a score years ago
He was clerk on small pay for some Stewart & Co.

But the road he has travelled to reach his estate
Is not entered in stealth, by some privileged gate,
But is open to you; yet this maxim please learn:
You succeed, you must spend something less than you earn.

Ah, my laboring friend, 'tis a fearful mistake
To be stirring up strife for the workingman's sake.
Let us earn what we can, while we never forget
That the wealth of the world is but crystallized sweat.

There's but one course to take for the worker to thrive,
Like the bee, he must gather each day for his hive.
He must lesson expense if his income is small,
And for anything useless spend nothing at all.

When a lad I cut wood at three shillings a cord,
For the same helped turn over an acre of sward;
And I gave little thought to the good or bad times,
But just kept at my work and looked out for the dimes.

Then our "strikes" were with axes and hauling and mauls,
And our "unions" were quilting, fruit parties and balls
And the young folks got married, when husbands and wives
Went to work to be useful the rest of their lives.

But mankind is improving, the wiseacres say
Yet true thrift is not greatly in fashion to day.
We can headlong in debt, to get out as we can,
And complain how the rich crush the laboring man.

I've a bootstitcher friend by the name of Jim Pease,
Who can earn twenty dollars a week at his ease.
Though he's stuck to his seat for at least twenty years,
And but four to support, he is still in arrears.

Then I know of another who on half of Jim's pay,
With all needful expenses as much every way,
Has just purchased a cottage and paid the cash down,
That is thriftless Jim Pease, this is thrifty Joe Brown.

These two types of mankind you can view at your ease;
You can copy Joe Brown or the spendthrift Jim Pease.
We complain of the times, but they never will mend,
Till we live to the rule to earn more than we spend.

[Boston Herald.

Night Among the Hills.

So still! So still!
The night comes down on vale and hill
So strangely still, I cannot close
My eyes in sleep. No watchman goes
About the little town to keep
All safe at night. I cannot sleep!

So dark! So dark!
Save here and there a dittering spark,
The firefly's tiny lamp that makes
The dark more dense. My spirit quakes
With terrors vague and undefined
I see the hills loom up behind.

So near! So near!
These solemn mountains, grand and drear
Their rocky summits! Do they stand
Like sentinels to guard the land
Or pallors, fierce and grim and stern,
To shut us in till day return?

I hear a sound,
A charging faint, low on the ground
A sparrow's nest is there. I know
The birdlings few three days ago
Yet still return each night to rest
And sleep in the forsaken nest.

No fear! No fear!
Sleep, timid heart! Sleep safely here!
A million helpless creatures rest
Securely on Earth's kindly breast;
While Night her solemn silence keeps
He wakes to watch who never sleeps.

[Jay Allison.

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

WHERE IS HEAVEN.

Is Heaven far, far the azure dome above
Beyond all mortal sight or earthly love?
Is Heaven the dwelling place of those alone
Who, home on angel wings, have thither gone?
And shall we never aught of Heaven know
Through all our pilgrimage on earth below?

Heaven is not far away. Heaven is the home
Of God, and God is ever near! Go roam
Mid desert wilds in love, and Heaven is there!
Go to the crowded mart of men, and where
A humble, loving soul in busy throng
Is found, lo Heaven there! Oh weak, or strong
Thine arm, or large thy purse, or poor thou art—
Hast love of God? Then Heaven is in thy heart.

Bacon beautifully says, "He that robs in darkness breaks God's lock."

Take care not to go to the brink of vice, lest you fall down the precipice.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

There is no vanity so overweening as that of a self-made man who honors in public his ingenious and enterprising creator—himself.

Passion will pardon rage, will survive absence, will forgive infidelity, will even thrive on outrage, and will often condone a crime; but when it dies of familiarity, it is dead for ever and aye.

Love, it has been said, descends more abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us.

I feel more and more deeply how unchristian and guilty the lives of the prosperous classes are; how little genuine sympathy and brotherly affection we have toward the mass of our creatures. I see more and more distinctly that society needs a revolution such as history nowhere records. To rise above others is the spirit and soul of society in its present constitutions. To help others rise, to use our superiority as a means of elevating those below, is the spirit of Christianity and humanity; and were it to remain, would make a revolution more striking than any conquest has made. [Channing.

The old ways are the best ways for those who have long walked in them. But then we should make many charitable allowances. Home is home. How many tired voyagers have said that, as the spire of Trinity Church, or its humbler fellow of St. Paul's came in sight. The best place is where love is, and the affections and friendships which alone make life tolerable. There was a joy of its kind in going away; but what was that to the joy of coming back to grasp the old friendly hands, to look into the old friendly faces, to listen to the old friendly voices, to sit in the old accustomed places, and to find a real rest after the brief holiday in the Old World? The heart never travels. Goldsmith said it long ago, after his wreary tramp through Europe, and he who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," was all his life a wanderer. These are days in which hundreds of trembling voices will repeat the sentiment, and as many hearts be glad that the wandering is over. [N. Y. Tribune.

Happy is he that has hope. It is a heart-spring. If a man had no elasticity in his foot, and could spring over no pool, nor ditch, nor roughness, but went leadenly through them all, how burdensome would his journey be! But by an elastic ankle he springs over a hundred hindrances, and never knows their annoyance. Many of our troubles should be oversprung.

Many troubles in life cease when we cease to nurse them. We take them up, we dandle them upon our knee, we carry them in our bosom. When they seem to sleep we wake them up, and insist upon sharpening their point. We ruminate our cud, which was a thistle at first, and make mean and fretful martyrs of ourselves. If one *will* be unhappy, if bitter is craved by the palate, there is no need for remedy.

Many real troubles there are which will cease the moment our heart accepts them and submits itself to them as a part of a Divine Providence. For many, many troubles are but the strain which we endure when God would carry us the right way, and we insist upon going the wrong! When two walk arm in arm, if one would turn and the other would not, either they must pull diversely or else must separate. But God never lets go his children's arms, and if they struggle and hold back, they are dragged. Let them submit to be led, nor struggle nor hold back. In that instant the trouble goes. [Beecher.

Historical Hoaxes.

The degree of humor which people whose humor is abnormally developed can extract from hoaxes and practical jokes is a perpetual puzzle to staid and steady people. It is a cruel sort of humor, which finds its keenest pleasure in rendering other people uncomfortable and unhappy. No matter how much the victim of the joke may suffer, mentally or physically, the professional hoaxer must and will have his joke, and this he will have reckless of all consequences. A present Senator of this State from one of the country districts was the unintentional cause of a divorce. He had a friend who was a confirmed joker. They were both lawyers and met at certain times of the year in various cities of their judicial districts when traveling the circuit. The Senator had often been the victim of his friend, and waited patiently his opportunity to have his revenge. One day as the Senator entered the dining-room of a hotel in Herkimer County he saw his humorous friend sitting at a table engaged in close conversation with a lady. He advanced to speak to him. The friend, seeing him, arose and greeting him turned to the lady and said: "My dear, this is my friend, Judge ——, of whom you have head me speak. Judge ——, my wife."

The Senator bowed and then stared with surprise.

"Your wife?" he inquired in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, my wife," replied his friend.

"Oh, no," was the Senator's reply. "That will not do. This is not the lady you introduced as your wife last term at Otsego County. This lady is dark, your wife is light. Oh, no; that won't do. None of your jokes upon me."

With that he turned away, leaving the wife dumbfounded and angry, and the professional joker for once nonplussed. The Senator told the story, and everywhere the joker was laughed at as the joke was continued. His wife demanded an explanation. He tried to assert that it was but a joke of the Judge, but the Judge wouldn't say so; on the contrary he persisted in his statement, which was confirmed by the other lawyers present, all of whom were now obtaining a revenge. The wife believed not her husband, but his friends, and could not be persuaded but that her husband had been unfaithful to his marriage vows. The result was jealousy, bickering and quarreling, which eventuated in a divorce. This was severe punishment, and successfully cured the divorced man of practical joking.

It was Lord Norbury of England who made one of the best witticisms ever made from the bench at the expense of the prisoner. It was at the time when robbery was punished by hanging. He was sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch: "You made a grasp at time, my lad, but you clutched eternity."

For a cheeky defense when "caught in the act," commend us to this story of a Parisian thief at the steeple-chases, who was caught by a detective with his hand in a lady's pocket. "I am no thief," the pickpocket indignantly protested; "I am in love with this lady, and was only slipping a note in her pocket," and he produced in proof a love letter hidden in the palm of his hand. However, the lady was old and ugly, and forty-two purses were found on the ingenious Frenchman.

An American pickpocket, caught on a Third-avenue car with his hand in a gentleman's watch-pocket, laconically and smilingly said: "Excuse me, sir."

HOW POLICEMEN HAVE BEEN FOOLED.

Nothing probably gives more delight to the criminal heart than, by means of some trick, to "get square" with a policeman. Some few years ago there was an old Constable in Ocean County, N. J., who prided himself greatly on his "deportment." He wished to be considered, as he really was, a very polite man. A well-known New York thief being in entirely was taken to Court where the polite old Constable stood guard at the end of the bench in which the criminal had been ushered, and in which there happened to be, at the time, two or three persons who were merely spectators. The New Yorker saw at a glance the weakness of the old Constable, and at a moment when business was at its height, said politely to the officer: "Excuse me, sir, will you allow me to pass? I see my brother, the other witness, at the door."

So coolly was this said, and so politely too, that "Old Deportment," as he was called, did not for a moment doubt that all was right, and that the speaker was one of the spectators. The man who saw his "brother" at the door made for the opening as rapidly as consistency would permit, and was never seen in these parts again.

Some months ago the New York papers contained an item about Mr. John Dobbs, probably the smartest bank burglar in the country, against whom there is a standing reward of $1,000 for his apprehension. He graduated from Slaughter House Point, corner of Water street and James slip, and every once in a while he visits the Fourth Ward to look at the scenes of his childhood. Mr. Dobbs has a keen sense of humor, and especially delights in fooling a policeman. His last effort is something very clever. On this occasion a close carriage with an elegant team of horses, and liveried driver, drove through Water street and stopped opposite a liquor saloon. The driver opened the door and a dapper little gentleman with a heavy moustache, attired in the height of the fashion and wearing kid gloves, stepped out and entered the saloon, where he drank some brandy and soda. An officer who was doing duty in citizens clothes, saw the gentleman enter the saloon, and when he came out he said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I see that you are a gentleman and a stranger, visiting Water street from curiosity. It is my duty to warn you against entering these places without a police escort, as you may be robbed." The gentleman smiled, and shaking hands with the officer, replied: "You have done your duty well, officer, and in a gentlemanly manner. I am exceedingly obliged to you, and will take the first opportunity I have to call on your Captain and recommend you for promotion." The gentleman then handed the officer a fine cigar, bade him "good evening," got into his carriage and was driven away.

Quite a good story is told of Officer Badger, of New Haven, Conn. It was past midnight as he was leisurely pushing his beat through Jessop street, and as he came opposite to a jewelry store he observed gleams of light through the chinks of the shutters, and he rapped on the door. "Is that you, policeman?" asked a voice within. "Yes," answered Badger. "Well, it's only me—it's all right: kind of chilly out, ain't it?" "Yes." "Thought so. I was just fixing the fire—good night." "Good night," said Badger and pursued his way. An hour afterward Badger passed through Jessop street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.

"Halloo," cried the voice within. "Is it you, policeman?" "Yes." "All right, won't you come in and warm yourself? It won't hurt any thing for you to slip in from your beat for a few minutes."

The door opened and Policeman Badger entered and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly looking individual in a linen duster. "Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me for a moment." The man took the ash pan from the bottom of the stove, and carried it down to the cellar and emptied it, and when he had returned and wiped his hands he said: "Chilly night, ain't it?" "Yes." "Chilly outside and dull inside." [Another smile.] "New goods for the spring trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this, watching at night, but I manage to find a bit of comfort in this. Won't you join me in a tip? You'll find it the pure thing." And the man produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips and given his fingers another warming he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right at the jewelry store. But the morning brought a new revelation. The store had been robbed during the night of $6,000 worth of watches and jewelry, and, although Policeman Badger carried in his mind a complete daguerreotype of the robber, the adroit rascal was never found.

Wicked For Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

CATARRH

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear and Catarrh of the Throat,

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. Temperaments and constitutions vary its severity in individual cases. Catarrh may arise from a cold or a succession of colds, from sudden change of atmosphere, wearing wet clothing, or exposure to inclement weather, and becoming thoroughly chilled when the digestive organs are in a morbid or inactive condition, and the strength and vital forces exhausted. The diseases are those of a scrofulous condition of the blood, from simple Catarrh, Measles, and Diphtheria, in which cases the eyes and ear are generally involved and discharge quantities of matter. The discharges from the nose, the distinct symptom in all catarrhal cases from whatever cause they arise, may be thin and watery, and so acid as to cause redness and excoriation of the skin with which they come in contact, or thick and yellowish, emitting a foul odor, or clear and white like the white of an egg. There may be an entire lack of secretion, the surface may be dry and feverish, the face, front and upper part of the head feeling uncomfortable, and as if it was encircled by a tight, unyielding band. This latter phase is called Dry Catarrh. The free watery discharges cause the passages to swell and become thickened, rendering breathing through the nose difficult or impossible, and we are thus forced to breathe through the mouth, thereby permitting cold air to pass directly to the bronchial tubes and lungs. The mucus dropping down the throat creates a constant desire to hawk and expectorate to throw it off; but when the membrane is dry and feverish, instead of causing free expectoration, it only tickles and irritates the throat, and forms into scabs, incrustations, and hard lumps, which adhere so firmly to the nasal passages and throat, notwithstanding persistent efforts to dislodge them. The eye in sympathy becomes inflamed, dim, weak, and watery, or in the morning the eyelids are so glued together by the adhesive secretion that they cannot be opened without bathing. This is a true picture of the most prominent symptoms of this loathsome and dangerous disease.

A thorough cure of this most serious disease warns all who are afflicted with it to make speedy preparation for its treatment, and to improve every persistent effort